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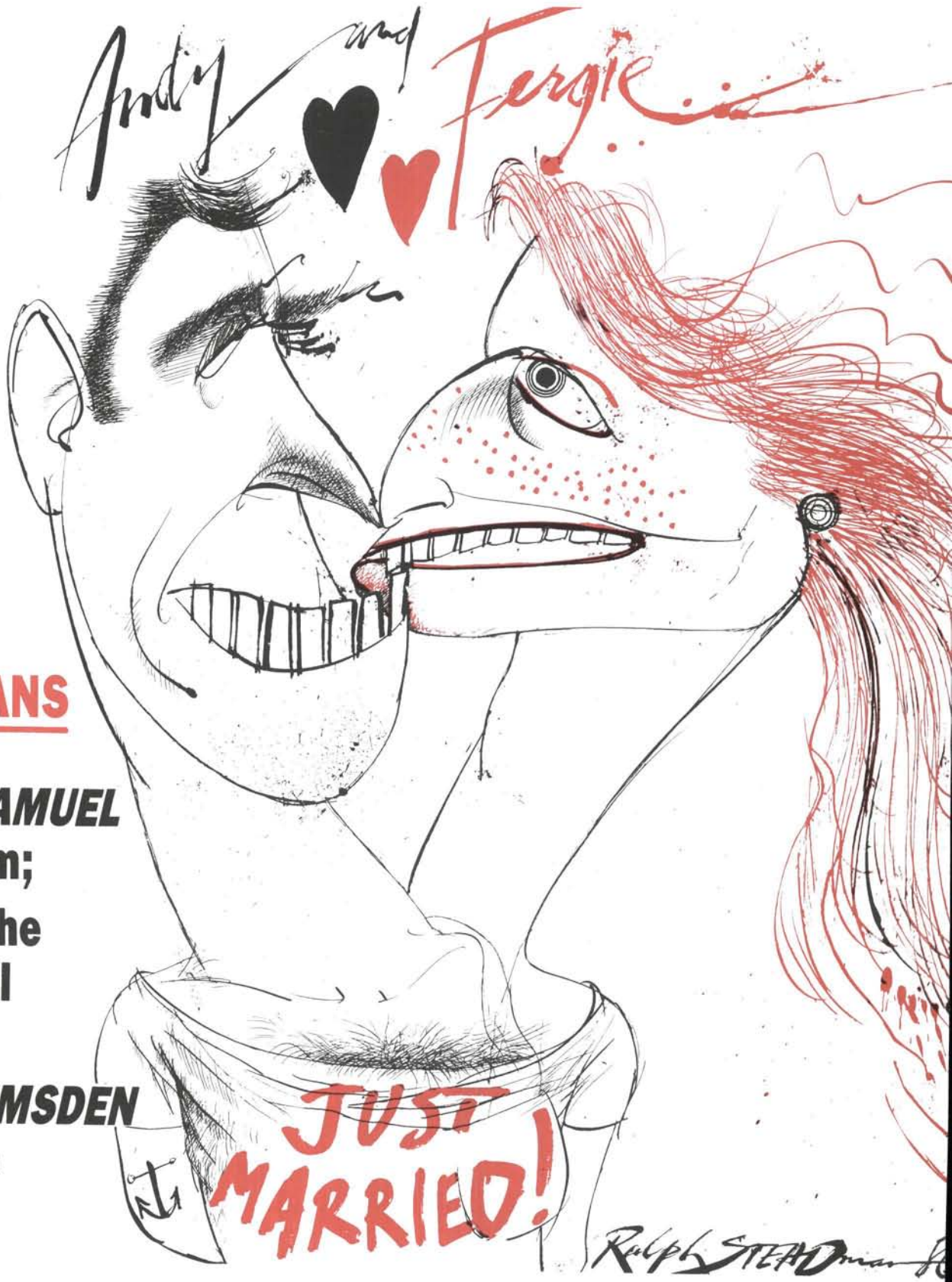

ROYALS & REPUBLICANS

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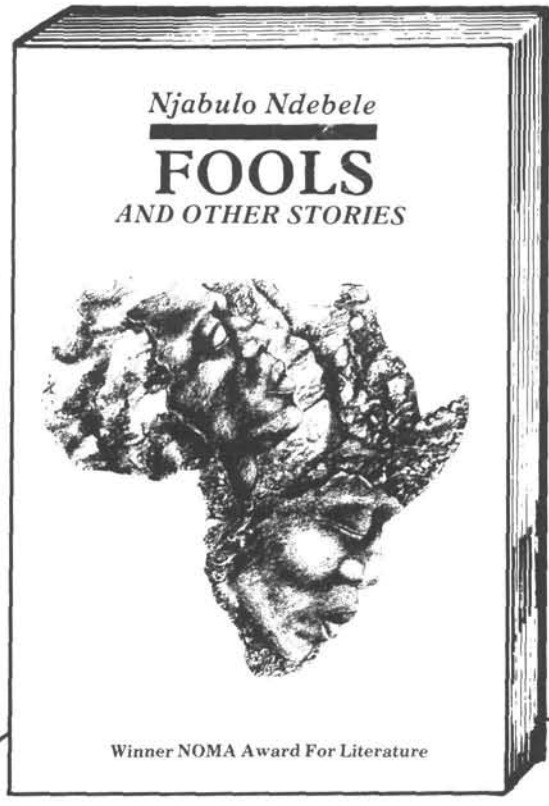

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: Ralph Steadman

Royals & Republicans
Spotted through this week's special issue are examinations of the cake beneath the icing of next week's Royal Nuptials, an Italian's-eye look at our monarchy and explorations of the Spanish Civil War as seen by Spaniards and Brits

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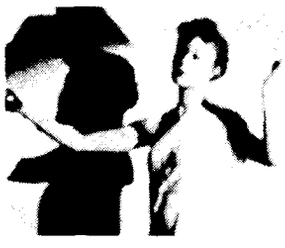

AFTER A FASHION
The fashions emerging from Britain's art schools would certainly have beaten Cecil (for his view of style, see above) but are they the laughing-stock of the world or vigorous, street-wise inventions? JULES LUBBOCK reports from this year's diploma shows

ALIVE AND KICKING
Short stories were thought to be dying ten years ago, but they don't seem to have heard this: SARA MAITLAND reviews a selection of the latest

PUBLISHERS UNITE
The current spate of publishing mergers and take-overs could, eventually, have an effect on the books we can buy in the shops: BOYD TONKIN explores what this is likely to be

CONDITIONS OF MUSIC
Pierre Boulez' collected writings are a major work by a major composer: ANDREW CLEMENTS reviews

New Statesman
Vol 112 No 2886 18 July 1986

Give us, *at least*, a modern monarchy

WHERE SELF-PERCEPTION is concerned all nations can be slightly off their heads. Just now Britain is looking exceptionally unhinged. The inferred collision between Queen and Prime Minister at this Tuesday's Audience (inferred because nothing, of course, is *officially* disclosed) is enough to make anyone on the Left try emigration . . . but to where? Mrs Thatcher is not only wrong about sanctions but wrong in an unsavoury way, accurately accused of racism by Oliver Tambo, transparently placing Reaganite anti-Sovietism above every consideration of justice and humanity, and abusing critics as 'immoral'.

That leaves the Queen as the week's 'goody', on the presumption that she so fears the damage being wreaked by Mrs Thatcher on the Commonwealth that Tory loyalties are being dragged away from one of their imperatives, the preservation of 'stability' in Pretoria, towards a greater imperative, protection of the Queen. On the face of it, she is being wheeled out to do precisely the job Britain likes to perceive in its monarchy: acting as counter-poise to extremism in a political leader.

The unhinged air about all this derives from the enforced necessity, this time in the interests of getting sanctions, of yet again 'buying' the notion of the Commonwealth and buying the notion of the useful monarchy. They're more profoundly intertwined than is usually permitted to surface. The seeds of today's Commonwealth lie in the deft footwork of 1926, when Britain's territorial Empire, the 'pink map', was at its grandest and George V was *Rex Imperator* — the same George V who doubted if Britain's monarchy would much survive himself. Nationalist movements within the Empire were so evident that the 'Balfour Report' coined the concept of the Commonwealth of 'autonomous communities within the Empire'.

The monarchy survives. Its greatest dignity is its headship of that 1926-derivation, the Commonwealth. As a multi-cultural, multi-racial, 'North/South' talking shop the Commonwealth would be an unobjectionable additional forum on the global scene, but much better off without Mrs Thatcher making Britain pose as *primus inter pares*. The proper course in the interests of all concerned would be the disentanglement of the British head of state from all foreign involvements and 'devolution' of the monarchy back into a *pro tem* tolerably natural role as the petty head of state of the UK.

The act of merely imagining this much in the way of matching our constitution to our realities leads on to the next step in escaping the unhinged British sense of self. King Juan Carlos, ring-holding constitutional monarch of Spain since 1975, lives in a small way. No major palace, but a modest residence. No ludicrous displays, like next week's Habsburg-style nuptials in Westminster Abbey. A 'Scandinavian' head of state. If it is to continue to be argued — or rather in default of argument, to be tacitly consented — that it isn't worth the upheaval of dislodging the Queen and her family, then in *their* interests as well as our own, the royal 'firm' needs cutting down to size and all the social and class nonsense that surrounds it needs cutting out. The appropriate size is the monarch alone on a Civil List, a decent house in Hampstead, and every member of her family but the heir back where they belong, in private life — without a single public duty.

BUT REVERTING to South Africa. Today it evokes for journalists that earlier test of our integrity, the Spanish Civil War,

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"This very funny film . . . Allen has come up with a cracker." 19 MAGAZINE

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS (15)

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the fiftieth anniversary of whose outbreak Professor Paul Preston commemorates on page 16. The *New Statesman*'s arduously-procured and editorially agonised-over coverage in 1933-39 is mainly remembered now for Kingsley Martin's decision in 1937 to suppress just one piece, a George Orwell review of Franz Borkenau's *Spanish Cockpit*. We did in fact, though with editorial disclaimer, print (15 May 1937) an article by an American journalist, on the spot in Barcelona, who contradicted from observation the *NS* editorial distaste for POUM and Anarchist criticism of the Moscow-backed forces in the war.

But Orwell's approving review of ex-Comintern member Birkenau's belief that the Stalinist power-broking was severely detrimental to the Republican effort was refused by Martin as 'directly contradicting conclusions that have been very carefully reached in the front part of the paper'. For the *NS*, then firmly committed to a united front, the POUM and Anarchist effort to continue the revolutionary process while fighting Franco was unacceptable, the atrocities of the Communists (including the murder of Andrés Nin and other POUM leaders) unmentionable. Orwell's review was finally published in *Time & Tide*. As the Left today contemplates the possibility of South Africa becoming the location for the next international 'cockpit' civil war of the 20th century — and in circumstances where transmission of information from inside the country may be even more difficult than they were in Spain — the Right is attacking the liberation movements as communist, but Socialists in Britain are at least free of the 1930s pressures to have faith in Moscow.

The initial depressing signs are that the Botha regime's tactic of attempting total news control is being very effective. Western press, radio and television are accepting a high degree of self-censorship to keep within white Pretoria's 'guidelines'. We saw and knew more of what was going on in Poland in 1982 than we do today of South Africa. It's going to be another hard path. □

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'STILL TRUCKING'

Resisting police photography . . .

Both photos: Tim Malyon

. . . and submitting, both 20 June

WHAT'S ACTUALLY happening to the 'hippies' — or 'travellers' as a politer age and law put it — is in danger of sinking from sight as the landowning interest and the Home Office huff and puff about extra powers for the police. TIM MALYON reports

SINCE 20 JUNE, solstice eve, when over 200 'new age travellers' in the West Country were arrested and their vehicles impounded, the so-called hippy convoy has dropped out of the news but it hasn't dropped out of existence.

The 'convoyers' swiftly occupied two sites in Wiltshire after the solstice *with the owners' permission*. Their first priority was to regain possession of some of their 146 impounded vehicles, their homes, 19 of which have already been sold for scrap. About sixty still remain in the pound at Nursling, near Southampton.

On 9 July one of the Wiltshire sites was vacated at the owner's request, and a field, an abandoned rubbish tip next to the pound, was squatted so that impounded vehicles could quickly be rendered roadworthy. The police, who rented the tip from Hants County Council, immediately evicted, without an eviction order.

Since then travellers have camped in tents and 'benders' in adjoining woods, on a disused road, and in local lay-bys. The second Wiltshire site settled after the solstice was vacated at the owner's request under local pressure, and numbers near the Nursling pound are now likely to increase, with an inevitable build-up of tension.

Reclaiming homes hasn't been the only problem. People evicted from Stoney Cross in June had neither time nor transport to take their possessions with them, including sleeping bags, documents and stoves. The Forestry Commission, *NS* has discovered, stored much of what was left behind, despite an unofficial police instruction to 'keep the stuff for twenty four hours and then get rid of it.' The FC has relied on the police to let people know where their possessions are being stored. No travellers contacted by *NS* were aware of this.

Local DHSS offices are accused by the travellers of delaying claims and refusing clothing and other special allowances, including to pregnant women and mothers, sometimes because of lack of documentation. Some offices are insisting on paying child benefit only at three month intervals in arrears.

NS is reliably informed that the DOE Gypsy Sites Branch is advising local authorities against providing facilities for 'convoy' travellers under the 1968 Caravans Act (see *NS* 13 June) despite an official statement that each individual case should be dealt with 'on its merits.'

This pressure is said to emanate at Secretary of State level, from the Home Office working group set up to decide what to 'do about' the convoy — the same working party which is drafting new anti-trespass measures for introduction in the autumn, regardless of progress in the Lords this week, and is believed to be trying to pull off a double: measures which will control 'hippy travellers' and 'hunt saboteurs', but leave foxhunters unaffected. ●

There's to be a travellers' lobby at the House of Commons on 17 July.

'Plunging inflation'

BLISS it is in the Thatcherite dawn to be alive and have a mortgage, now that inflation is down to 2.5 per cent. But to be poor and a tenant is very different. For you inflation is more like 4 per cent, according to the Low Pay Unit, which re-calculates the Retail Prices Index for the price rises that affect poor people most. June's 2.5 per cent RPI measured mostly the fall in mortgage interest rates. In April, the 'Low Paid Price Index' was 1.2 points above a comparable RPI (adjusted), when the RPI was 3.0 per cent. As soon as the Unit can extract the detailed figures from the Employment Department, we will bring you updated figures for those disenfranchised in a property-owning democracy.

John Rentoul

NUCLEAR POWER

TUC's 'anti' vote shifts towards a clear majority

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history, the Trades Union Congress (TUC) now looks likely to come out clearly against nuclear power at its annual conference in Brighton this September.

Union anti-nuclear activists are confident that — barring some devious new ploy by the union pro-nuclear lobby — a motion that strongly condemns the further development of nuclear power would gain majority support.

The Socialist Environment and Resources Association (SERA), a labour movement pressure group, has used its knowledge of the policies most recently agreed by individual unions and the latest TUC affiliation figures to estimate likely voting patterns. According to its calculations, there are currently 5.32 million anti-nuclear votes, 3.139 million pro-nuclear votes and 1.16 million undecided, giving an overall anti-nuclear majority of just over a million.

In recent months three key unions have been converted to the anti position, including the National and Local Government Officers' Association (NALGO), the Union of Communication Workers (UCW) and the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation (ISTC). The health workers union, COHSE, which had been led temporarily astray, has also just rejoined the anti-nuclear camp. Between them these four unions account for over 1.2 million votes.

Predicting precisely what will happen at TUC conference is nonetheless never easy. The TUC Energy Committee is currently preparing a progress report which is likely to be basically supportive of nuclear power and which could be quite influential. The wording of the composite motion eventually derived from the anti-nuclear resolutions submitted by the National Union of Mineworkers, the National Union of Seamen and others will also be important.

Last minute deals may be done and union delegations — unpredictable at the best of times — may be swayed, especially if the pro-nuclear engineers and electricians (AEU and EEPTU) pile on the pressure. But they will have to come up with more imaginative tactics than that adopted at NALGO's conference last month. Some bright spark greeted the start of the nuclear power debate by turning off all the lights.

Rob Edwards

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THE TERROR IN EL SALVADOR

LAURA PINTO SPEAKS EVEN FROM THE LATIN GULAG

LAURA PINTO, the Salvadorean woman whose European tour last year highlighted the work of the Mothers of the Disapppeared and who twice this year has been abducted by the notorious Treasury Police, is now in Ilopango women's prison in San Salvador (*NS* 19 April 1985 and 13 June 1986). MANDY MACDONALD managed to visit her there

'THAT AFTERNOON' — Laura Pinto is speaking — 'I was going with a friend to get medicine for a woman in prison. We weren't far from our office. We'd been followed by a grey van with darkened windows; it stopped and four men jumped out, dressed in civilian clothes.

'Two of them grabbed me by the arms. I struggled, but a fifth man came up and they shoved me into the van at gunpoint. They asked me my name, and when I told them, one of them called in on a radio, saying, "We've got her." I heard the reply — "Bring her in." '

Thus Laura remembers the beginning of her second ordeal.

She was first picked up on 6 May by armed men in plain clothes and an unregistered car. She was held incommunicado at the Treasury Police headquarters for two days, raped, stabbed in the stomach several times, and dumped unconcious in San Salvador, the capital.

After her second capture, on 28 May, Laura was kept in the Treasury Police HQ for 14 days. Her interrogators alternately invited her to turn 'supergrass' and give them information about other Salvadorean human rights workers; and accused her of belonging to the FMLN guerrilla forces, of organising food and medical supplies for the guerrillas, and even of sending her children to Cuba for their education.

Camera Press

'You're with me, or you're against me' Duarte — no hiding place for neutrality

She was beaten repeatedly and deprived of sleep and food. At the end of the 14 days she was made to sign a 'confession' she hadn't been allowed to read, given an extremely cursory examination by a government doctor, and taken to Ilopango women's prison, where I interviewed her on 26 June. She hasn't been formally charged.

Duarte's terror

Laura's arrests are part of a concerted push against Salvadorean human rights organisations and church-based relief agencies. It seems that the strategy now adopted by President Duarte is to force a futher polarisation in the country by accusing them all, even the social secretariat of the Catholic Archdiocese of San Salvador of being fronts for the guerrillas.

A conflict in which 55,000 civilians have been killed by government forces in the last six years is seen by the authorities as 'total war'; they permit no one to be neutral. Chief of Staff General Blandón stated in an interview this April that families displaced by the war are 'an integral part of military plans for 1986.' President Duarte has said that everyone must participate in the war 'to bring about peace.'

The regime is thus deliberately cutting away the middle ground on which the work of humanitarian organisations is based. ●

Peace Protests Roll-Call (29)

Total arrested in the UK and Eire since September 1981: 11,222

Arrests to date by location

Capenhurst Uranium Enrichment Plant, Cheshire **60**
19.4.86. 29 arrested after taking action on 2nd stage of Snowball. All were charged with cr. damage. Two cases later dropped and others fined between £50-£115.
6.7.86. 31 arrested on 3rd stage of Snowball, including a retired Anglican priest and charged with cr. damage to *plastic coating* of perimeter fence.

Burtonwood USAF base **21**
19.4.86. 21 arrested on National Snowball demo. 5 subsequently pleaded guilty and were found to have caused £83 worth of damage. The other 16 pl. not guilty and were charged with cr. damage totalling £1,800 at Warrington magistrates on 3 June. One member also charged with 'going equipped' to cause cr. damage which gives a right to trial by jury. All 16 elected for jury trial and were given a committal date for 7 July. But before this date everyone received fresh summonses stating that cr. damage in each case was reduced to £51, also the 'going equipped' charge was dropped.

USAF Chilwell, Nottingham **14**
5.7.86. 14 people arrested after US Bases Out demo. Mounted police charged 250 demonstrators towards the end of the demo. Over 1,000 police from eight different counties were deployed. Within the base the MoD SWAT Squad (Special Weapons and Training) was deployed.

St Mawgan, Cornwall **51**
6.7.86. 51 arrested on National Snowball, among them a retired vicar.

Faslane Submarine base, nr Helensburgh, Scotland **63**
19.4.86. 11 arrested on National Snowball.
31.5.86. 43 people plus a Chinese dragon arrested on blockade of the Peaton Hill construction site where Trident warhead silos and a road linking Coulport/Faslane are being built. 41 charged with breach of the peace and 2 with malicious mischief.
4.7.86. 35 demonstrators on National Snowball — 9 arrested and charged with vandalism. Court dates later this month.

USAF Sculthorpe, Norfolk **4**
20.4.86. 4 arrested on National Snowball. Charged with cr. damage.

RAF Corsham, nr Bath **14**
4.7.86. 14 people arrested on Snowball action including supporters and a 15-year-old. Three wheelchair-bound people also questioned by police and cautioned — all released without charge.

US Brawdy Submarine Tracking Centre, Wales **27**
20.4.86. 28 cut fence on National Snowball. 27 arrested.

Northwood Naval Communications Headquarters **1**
19.4.86. 1 person arrested on National Snowball and fined.

USAF Bentwaters, Suffolk **4**
19.4.86. 4 arrested and charged with cr. damage on National Snowball.

Fylingdales Early Warning Station, N. Yorkshire **16**
20.4.86. 4 arrested National Snowball.
4.7.86. 12 arrested National Snowball. 3 charged with cr. damage, 9 cautioned.

RAF Kinloss, Anti-Submarine Warfare Base, Scotland
20.4.86. 7 people cut the fence on National Snowball — no arrests made.

Watton RAF base, Norfolk **1**
20.4.86. 1 arrested on National Snowball.

Bawburgh, Civil Defence Bunker, Norwich **5**
20.4.86. 5 arrested on National Snowball. 5 charged with cr. damage.

Whitehall, Downing Street Sit-down
22.5.86. Andy Drumm, jointly charged with obstruction and 'assaulting a policeman', was cleared of the latter charge. He pleaded guilty to obstruction and was bound over in the sum of £100 for 12 months.

Whitehall, Ministry of Agriculture **4**
24.6.86. 4 peace campaigners from Sheffield spilled thick trails of grain reclaimed from an EEC intervention store in Doncaster up the steps of the MoD. They were protesting about surplus food mountains. They repeated this action outside Downing Street and Parliament and were finally arrested at the Ministry of Agriculture but were later released without charge. One member of the group is currently charged with the 'burglary' of the totally dried up and useless grain priced at £2.50. He is charged with £345 cr. damage.

Molesworth USAF base, Cambridgeshire **4**
19.4.86. 4 arrested on National Snowball. Charged with cr. damage.

BEWARE the new PACE Act. A Nottinghamshire woman arrested at the USAF Chilwell demo after refusing to allow police to search her bag was held in custody for five hours ahd refused to give consent for fingerprinting. She claims she was dragged, thrown to the floor and knelt upon by officers while a plainclothes detective scored at the quicks of her fingers with a ruler to prise open her clenched fist. All done with minimum force, of course.

Please send new information to **Janey Hulme** *at the* New Statesman.

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Ask about the 'Mickey Finn'

AFTER CHERNOBYL the British nuclear industry is desperately trying to regain public confidence, starting with a £2m advertising campaign to sell Sellafield as a sort of mildly radioactive Disneyland. The problem is that the Cumbrian plant lacks credibility even within the industry itself. JOHN SWEENEY reports

OPEN a magazine these days and you'll be sure to find a handsome double-page colour photograph. The fields are lush and green. The cows dotted about chew their cud contentedly. (There's a graveyard just out of camera shot, but the cows are most likely the better image.)

It's a pastoral idyll of the type normally associated with margarine adverts. And yet peel off an elegant gold-framed invitation and you'll see the belching cooling towers, stalagmitic atomic piles and swinging cranes of what the Ministry of Agriculture describes as the largest recorded source of radioactive discharge in the world.

The biggest single question mark over Sellafield for other nuclear Britons is the competence of its managers. A 'haphazard and generally sloppy style of management' was singled out by the Crown in its prosecution of BNFL for the leak of radioactive Ruthenium into the Irish Sea in 1983.

Few of these misgivings will be publicly aired to act as an authoritative counter-weight to the advertising. But thanks to a Granada *World In Action* investigation into a potentially highly dangerous incident at the UKAEA's Dounreay plant shown last month there's now an unchallenged indictment of Sellafield on the record — from Dounreay.

World In Action discovered that a mis-labelled consignment of 'unsintered' plutonium from Sellafield was wrongly added to a nitric acid dissolution vat at Dounreay, which couldn't cope with this particular type of the H-bomb explosive. For a period of time, perhaps as long as 11 months, the missing plutonium — subsequently established to be eight kilograms — was lodged in the bottom of the dissolver vat.

Dounreay don't, however, come out of this incident smelling sweetly either. A UKAEA press release stated: 'The programme alleged that Dounreay "chose not to make the incident public". In fact it was not only reported to the authorities throughout, it was also published in September 1985 in the site's newsletter, which is widely distributed to employees, the Local Liaison Committee, and others.'

The newsletter, like everything else at Dounreay, is covered by the Official Secrets Act and therefore it's extremely difficult to get hold of. Its report of the incident, written in unintelligible nuclear-speak, refers to a 'greater amount of insolubles than expected in the dissolver vat' — there's no mention that the insolubles in question were plutonium. ●

The admen face difficulties, as a dry note in the recent report of the House of Commons environment select committee on radioactive waste shows. It referred to a Surrey University study which revealed that visitors to a £50,000 UK Atomic Energy Authority stand at the Ideal Home exhibition were more worried when they came out than when they went in.

One high-level source in the nuclear industry, who helps to calculate radiation dose levels, says: 'Sellafield is generally considered a huge embarrassment for the rest of the industry. There's a lot of old plant liable to break down or leak. Much of the still-working parts of the reprocessing plant were designed in the '50s and built in the early '60s.'

Trivial radioactive pursuits

For the special benefit of *New Statesman* readers we suggest ten irritating questions to ask on your guided tour of Sellafield.

1) How many people will die or suffer genetic defects as a result of the 1957 Windscale fire? (*Answer: As many as 33*)
2) What did the government say after the fire about the risks to people? (*Answer: 'It is in the highest degree unlikely that any harm has been done to the health of anybody'*)
3) What happened to close down the Head End Plant in 1973? (*Answer: an unexpected blow-back which contaminated 35 workers.*)
4) Which famous politician was nearly fried on a glad-handing visit to the plant in 1984 when a near-criticality incident occurred? (*Answer: Mystery question.*)
5) What happened when Mrs Thatcher came to Sellafield in 1985 to open the Fuel Handling Plant? (*Answer: her microphone failed*)
6) Name the former chair of BNFL and its new managing director? (*Answer: Con Allday and Neville Chamberlain*)
7) Name the most northerly of the proposed low level radioactive waste dumps (*Answer: Killingholme.*)
8) What did the deputy director of Dounreay say when he discovered eight kilograms of plutonium hiding in part of his plant? (*Answer: 'That's the last time Sellafield is going to slip us a Mickey Finn'.*)
9) Name the most radioactive sea in the world according to the Ministry of Agriculture: (*Answer: the North Sea*)
10) How much money has BNFL spent on rehousing 500 natterjack toads from their pond near Sellafield? (*Answer: £2,000 per toad.*) ●

MISCELLANY

As the Palace echoes to the Queen's cries of rage about the Commonwealth and Andrew's cries of joy about Fergie

Snake in the grass

Mitterrand, Gorbachev and Thatcher are standing in the Garden of Eden watching Eve share the apple with Adam:

'How romantic they look', sighs Mitterrand, '*evidemment* they are French'.

'*Nyet*', says Gorbachev, 'see how they share the apple like good communists? They are Russian.'

'Belt up both of you', says Thatcher. 'Nothing to wear, nowhere to live, practically nothing to eat, and thinking they're in Paradise. They're British'.

Self-plagiarist

In the NS *subscription department they've just heaved a sigh of relief, said 'Well, that's all right then' and knocked off for a glass of mead on Clerkenwell Green. Idly leafing through* Punch *they found the following cautious welcome by the Deputy Leader for our incoming editor John Lloyd: 'I shall start buying the* NS *again the day he takes over' (1 Aug). Ah — murmured the newsroom, one floor above, and taking a cautious raincheck on the mead — autophagous Mr Hattersley is recycling his old copy. On Hugh Stephenson's arrival as editor in 1982 the Hat wrote: 'Two months ago I began to buy the* NS *again'. He complained about the previous administration's 'little items of information confined within their own square boxes'. Four years later he says it all over again: half the paper is 'in little boxes scattered about its pages'. Old hat, Hat.*

Quadraphonotyping

Labour-controlled Lothian region has come up with a refreshing approach to women's issues. It should dent some preconceptions. The new chair of the Women's Committee, who according to the *Scottish Sunday Mail* regularly washes the dishes, cooks meals and irons shirts, is 17 stone, 6ft, ex-miner Mr Tam Darby.

Cat got your tongue?

Twice over, within two columns of Hansard *last month, Energy under-secretary Alistair Goodlad stressed the government's post-Chernobyl 'commitment to openness with respect to the nuclear industry'. We've checked the fine print elsewhere in those identical columns of* Hansard. *Here follow Goodlad responses to three pertinent questions from Liberal MP Michael Meadowcroft. Disclosure of historical information on the foundation of Britain's civil nuclear programme and the amount of civil plutonium reprocessed at Sellafield would be 'contrary to the national interest'. Publication of correspondence between CEGB chair*

Lord Marshall and the government would 'not be the practice'. A figure for the total R&D investment in Britain's existing nuclear power stations could only be provided 'at disproportionate cost'.

Giants stumble

Truth seems to be hesitating outside the gates of Wapping. Mega-grovels in the last few days from the *Sunday Times* and *The Times*. The former had to use its front page to correct facts already gone to press in the colour magazine (13 July) — 'unreservedly apologise', 'substantial sum in damages to charities' — while *The Times* (15 July) was on the carpet in front of the *Observer*: 'apologise for inaccuracies . . . have agreed to pay costs'. The *Sun* (10 July) was retracting an earlier front page: apologies for 'distress and embarassment'. We know you aren't reading them. This just to let you know what you've had the pleasure of missing.

Going for a Burton

We must thank Ernest Saunders, chief exec of Guinness, and Ralph Halpern chair of Burton's, for two new additions to any good dictionary of financial terms. You can now laugh at 'doing a Burton', and 'Guinness is good for you'. Sir Ralph gained control of store chain Debenham's after arguing that his retailing acumen and Sir Terence Conran's design flair would revitalise tired old Deb's. He has subsequently fallen out with Conran. And it appears that Mr Saunders is going to be so good for Distillers that the services of the varying non-executive directors promised for the combined Guinness/Distillers operation can be dispensed with. After pressure from the Bank of England (for once belatedly doing the right thing), Guinness is grudgingly consulting shareholders.

Reptile

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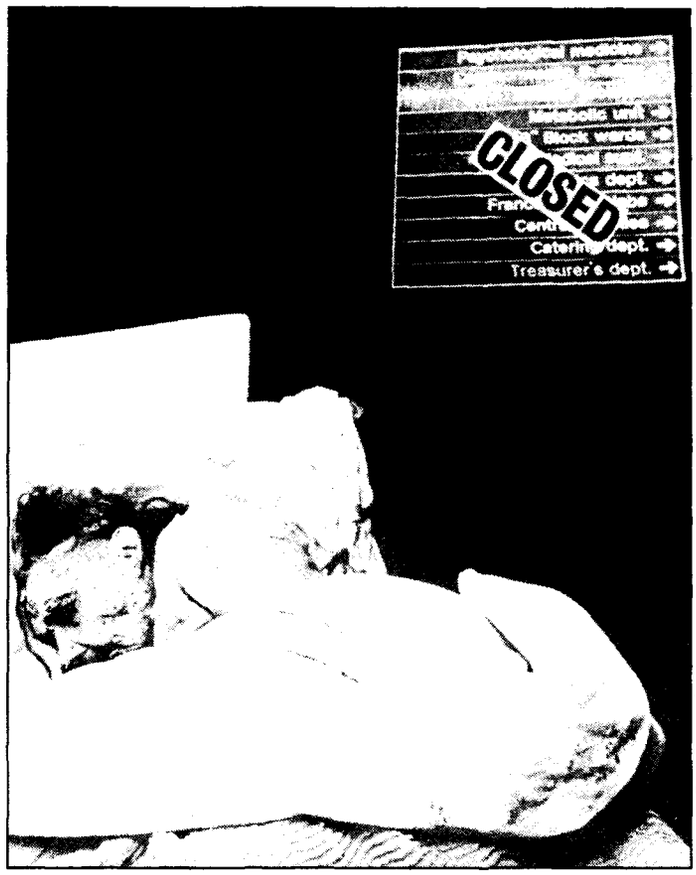
SCRUTINY

THOSE NHS FIGURES: THE TRUTH

'WE ARE SPENDING 24 per cent more on the National Health Service in real terms' (Mrs Thatcher, *ad nauseam*). So why are there cuts? The *New Statesman* provides the definitive analysis of the latest figures



Montage: Peter Kennard

THE TWO GAPS between Mrs Thatcher's 'real terms' and real life are:

- 'real terms' only takes account of general inflation — whereas two thirds of NHS spending is on wages which have risen much more
- she lumps hospitals together with GPs

In real *life*, rather than 'real terms', and choosing our words carefully, total hospital provision in England kept pace with need until 1983. Since the 1983 election, when the health service was 'safe with us', the hospital service — as a whole — has failed to keep up with need, and that's using the government's own figures and accepting its claims for 'efficiency savings'.

In hospitals the level of services provided over the whole of England increased by about 6 per cent during Mrs Thatcher's first term, but since then, and I refer you to page xiv of last week's all-party Commons committee report, the government has provided just £21 million for extra services, in 1979/80 prices. If you accept the government's claim that 'efficiency savings' have provided health authorities with £335 million extra to spend from within their own budgets in the last two years, then the increase in service provision since the last election has been 2.8 per cent, or less than 1 per cent a year.*

Now the 'level of service provided' (taking account of the NHS's wage and other costs) is more meaningful than Mrs Thatcher's 'real' figures (taking account of general inflation). But it has to meet 'need' if anyone is to claim delivery of the same level of service to a changing population. Health minister Barney Hayhoe says the level of service needs to rise by 1 per cent a year 'to keep pace with the increasing number of very elderly people'.* Hence progress in the hospital service in real life, since the last election, on the very best interpretation of the official figures by an all-party Commons committee, has been *less than zero*.

In fact, it's less still. Not even Thatcherism can stop doctors using new medical techniques. Total hip replacements are better than what was provided before (painkillers), but they cost more. Hayhoe admits he needs 0.5 per cent a year extra to take account of this. This is a genuine service improvement, but if the government doesn't come up with the extra money (it doesn't), the pressure on the NHS to provide the new treatment means cuts have to be made elsewhere.

2 + 2 = 3 and a bit

This isn't what the government wants at all. It is firmly committed to improving the level of service beyond that required by an aging population *and* medical technology. Its target is to raise hospital service levels not by 1.5 per cent a year, but by 2 per cent. Hayhoe: 'And a further 0.5 per cent is needed to make progress towards meeting the government's policy objectives (for example to improve renal [kidney] services and develop community care).' It's needed, but it's not provided.

So it hasn't got any better, but where are all these hospital cuts that we have campaigned so hard against? London, is the short answer, and the inner cities. Health service administrators have added a word to the English language, as in 'you look a bit rawped this morning', or 'I'm rawped, I can't take it any longer, I'm off to be a stable girl in rural Augea'. Under a system called RAWP, resources are transferred each year from better-funded parts of the country to the poorer North and West. For all four Thames and the Oxford regions this has meant service cuts for six of the seven years of this government. For the Thames regions (that is London and the South East) the cuts will go on at least until the next election.

But in North and West England, apart from urban areas with declining populations, the Prime Minister is not kidding, new hospitals are being opened. Better services are being provided. The Welsh hospital services have done slightly better than the English average. But in Scotland and Northern Ireland the amount of money spent hasn't been enough to maintain the level of service provision. Scotland's NHS spending is 1 per cent behind what was needed to keep up with England under the Conservatives, and Northern Ireland is 2 per cent below. But health spending per head is still much higher — about 20 per cent higher in Scotland and 40 per cent higher in Northern Ireland.

Drugs costs spiral

And, to get back to our starting point, spending on the non-hospital-based NHS (family doctors, dentists, opticians and prescriptions) has risen by 31 per cent more than general inflation: the 'level of service provision' has risen by a fifth. In official language, spending on the Family Practitioner Services in England 1978/79 to 1985/86, taking into account pay rises and the higher-than-average inflation rate for drugs, has risen by 21.2 per cent.*

Ministers don't boast so much about this remarkable record. Doctors are prescribing more (and more expensive) drugs. The use of tranquillisers has not diminished as a result of mass unemployment. Dentists do a lot of unnecessary work because they get paid piece-rates. Certainly, too, there are more GPs, they get paid more, and there are more programmes, such as for AIDS and drug abuse (but not cervical cancer screening) that are centrally-funded.

What would a Labour government do? How would it decide health service priorities? Given that demand for health care is infinite, how do you decide between head transplants and computerised artificial limbs? And how do you ensure that extra spending (Chancellor Hattersley permitting) furthered those priorities? Funny you should ask: the party's Freedom and Fairness Campaign last weekend published a Charter on Preventive Health, with a picture of two women jogging on the cover. Plaudit: it stresses the non-medical aspects of illness prevention, such as jobs, better pay and conditions, better housing and a cleaner environment. Criticism: it doesn't say what role doctors will have in prevention rather than cure, and whether this means hospital funding will go on being squeezed.

John Rentoul

** Fourth Report from the House of Commons Social Services Select Committee, HMSO, £5.10; other figures for 1978/79, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland from* Hansard *1 July 1985 col 47, 11 November 1985 col 40, Scottish and Northern Ireland Offices.*

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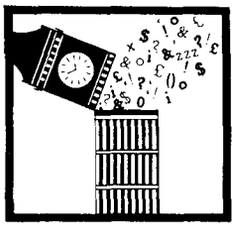

Tarzan's ghost still stalks Number Ten

NO WONDER John Biffen wants to dismiss MPs early for their summer break. Not only will the government be spared the prospect of defending its corner during August on sanctions against South Africa; nor will it have to face an ugly row this side of the autumn on the Commons Defence Committee's inquiry into the Westland affair. Mrs Thatcher will be hoping that by October the behaviour of her officials last January will be old hat. Her optimism may prove to be justified; it will be up to those MPs who take the rules of government seriously to make sure it is not.

The committee's report will be published next Thursday. Its findings are being kept unusually confidential. No advance copies are being issued either to the press or to the Prime Minister (although it would be the wonder of the age if a draft has not already reached Number Ten). The word from committee members is that the report lays into the actions of almost everyone concerned. That, in itself, would not necessarily justify great secrecy — especially as it is unlikely that many new facts have been uncovered. The potency of the exercise lies elsewhere — in its potential to damage Mrs Thatcher herself.

To recapitulate on the events that, like America's Watergate scandal, grew out of a relatively minor incident: on 6 January, Sir Partrick Mayhew wrote a letter to Michael Heseltine, who was then still Defence Secretary. Mayhew accused Heseltine of 'material inaccuracies' in what he said about the Westland takeover battle. A copy of the letter was sent to Heseltine's rival, Leon Brittan, then Trade and Industry Secretary. That afternoon, Brittan's chief information officer, Colette Bowe, gave a paraphrased version of the letter to the Press Association's lobby correspondent, Chris Moncrieff. Just the two words, 'material inaccuracies' were quoted directly.

The letter was clearly designed to dent Heseltine's case. But the issue of whether Heseltine had said things that were true or untrue was quickly superseded by another: who was responsible for authorising the leak of a letter from a law officer to a minister?

A case can be made for saying that no wrong was done: that Mayhew's letter was of legitimate public interest and that it was right for it to be out in the open. That is not, however, a case anyone in the government has seriously argued (although Mrs Thatcher tried briefly to do so). Following the leak, Mayhew wrote a second letter to Heseltine saying that the rule about the confidentiality of law officers' advice had been 'immediately and flagrantly violated'. The Prime Minister set up an inquiry into the leak. Less than three weeks later Brittan resigned because of it.

In as far as the government applied any consistent principles following the leak, three may be adduced: first, it was wrong to leak the letter; second, it was important to discover who authorised the leak; third, ministers are responsible for the behaviour of their senior officials. The question implicit in the Defence Committee's inquiry is this: given those principles, should Mrs Thatcher herself now resign?

A PROSECUTION CASE against Mrs Thatcher would go roughly as follows. Although Ms Bowe leaked the Mayhew letter, she did so on the instruction of Bernard Ingham, Thatcher's press secretary. Ingham was the true instigator of the leak.

PETER KELLNER

He answers directly to the Prime Minister; therefore it is she who should go.

This line of argument turns on what Ingham did and said during the hours preceding the leak. Bowe's testimony, to Sir Robert Armstrong's leak inquiry, rings true and — if accepted — spells damnation. She received a copy of the Mayhew letter from Brittan's private secretary, John Mogg. Brittan's wishes, Mogg told her, were that the letter should be published, but that this should be done by Downing Street. Bowe rang Ingham. Ingham told her that *she* should release the letter. Bowe was unhappy with this instruction. She sought guidance from her two departmental superiors, the DTI's permanent secretary and its principal personnel officer. Both were out. Reluctantly, Bowe agreed to tell the Press Association what was in the letter.

Ingham's version is that he did not authorise the leak; he merely acquiesced, reluctantly, to a leak that the DTI had already decided to spring. According to Ingham, the responsibility for the leak lay squarely with Bowe and Brittan.

Ingham's view might just be credible had Number Ten been an idle bystander over the previous weekend, while Mayhew's letter was being prepared. In fact, the letter was written at the behest of Number Ten. It was Mrs Thatcher, at a meeting with her aides on Friday 3 January, who proposed the idea. After informal soundings had ascertained that Mayhew was willing to write to Heseltine about his 'material inaccuracies' (again, Thatcher's own phrase), Thatcher's office formally asked Mayhew to do so.

Link those events with Bowe's account of the leak and the seedy nature of Number Ten's role emerges clearly. Thatcher's office bounced Mayhew into writing a 'confidential' letter for the precise purpose of leaking the phrase 'material inaccuracies' as part of the Prime Minister's battle with her Defence Secretary. Ingham then made sure that this phrase was leaked, but in such a way that Bowe's fingerprints rather than his own were on the smoking gun. Ingham then lied to Sir Robert Armstrong about his role. Throughout, Ingham either executed the Prime Minister's explicit instructions, or knew her mind sufficiently to make decisions on her behalf.

It is hard to see how Mrs Thatcher could survive if that account came to be accepted as a true version of events. Whether she knew of the precise circumstances of the leak at the time does not greatly matter; Ingham acted outrageously and she is responsible for him.

The only way to let Ingham, and therefore Thatcher, off the hook, is to accept an altogether less plausible account of what happened. We are asked to believe that Number Ten planned the letter, but with no idea about what would happen next: that, when Bowe rang Ingham on 6 January, he became suddenly obsessed with the proprieties of the matter; that nothing could be further from his mind than the notion that the letter should be leaked; that he let Ms Bowe persuade him, reluctantly and against his better judgement, to give it to PA; and that it is the sheerest coincidence that the only two words that Ms Bowe read out were those that Thatcher had wanted Mayhew's letter to incorporate.

Next week's report from the Defence Committee is likely to criticise all the officials involved — not least, Armstrong, who allowed his inquiry to submerge in an ocean of whitewash and who, afterwards, refused to let the committee question Bowe, Ingham and other officials directly.

Bowe is likely to emerge less scathed than the others. At most she made an innocent misjudgement in the belief that she was carrying out properly given orders. (She had returned from holiday on the day of the leak and could have played no part in the genesis of the Mayhew letter.) Besides, Brittan, her ministerial boss at the time, had resigned.

What will matter more is what the committee says about Armstrong, Charles Powell (Thatcher's private secretary) and, above all, Ingham. If the committee concludes that Ingham did authorise the leak, then it is hard to see how either he or Thatcher can remain in office with honour. But even if the committee's findings fall short of that specific conclusion, the picture they are likely to paint of Number Ten in action will be a shabby one which, in the long run, could do just as much to undermine Mrs Thatcher's reputation. □

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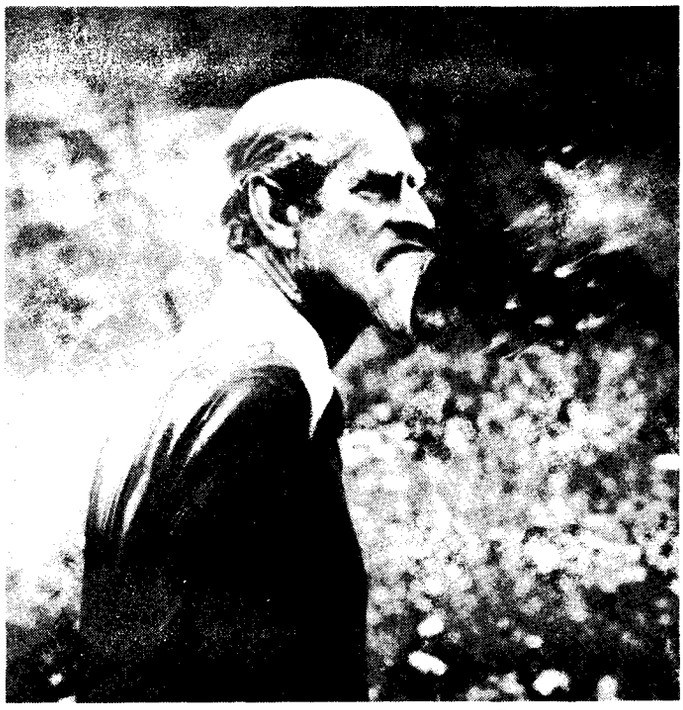
FOUR-IN-HAND PHILIP



From Paranoids *by Ralph Steadman, to be published by Harrap Ltd in October*

Duke of EDINBURGH. Prince ANDREW.

As the Royals order out their horses and carriages to get them to church once again, Jane Austen, speculates ANDREW LUMSDEN, would have recognised the early 19th century propertied gentry writ huge, with Prince Philip playing Mr Darcy, now aged 65

'It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single prince in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife'

WE HAVE TRIED, heaven knows, we have tried.

In these columns in the 1950s Malcolm Muggeridge attacked the 'Royal Soap Opera'. Today, 30 years later, people are still stumbling on the comparison with cries of amazement. In 1957 a *New Statesman* editorial supported Lord Altrincham's *National Review* attack on the fustiness of the still-youthful Elizabeth II's court and hangers-on. Some readers were cross that we should side with Altrincham's assault on 'a woman who has no right or chance to defend herself'.

Others ('What sort of Socialism is this?' — Glasgow) were angry to read in the same editorial of 1957 an implication that the *NS* nonetheless saw some 'psychological advantages' to hereditary monarchy — a possibility that it is innately superior to fixed-term electoral presidencies 'since it enables people more smoothly to change their government'. In 1973-74 the latter argument had its most vigorous outing, when official America struggled to oust a President whom even the modern Tory party, had he been Prime Minister, would have got rid of in far shorter order. (Or would it?)

Time rolled on. We got to 1977 and the Silver Jubilee. We printed a profile of Prince Philip headed *Neither Dignified nor Efficient*, satirical reference to Walter Bagehot's prescriptions for monarchy and ministers. Our anonymous author saw in the man after 25 years as consort 'no tincture of humility . . . an instinctive reactionary . . . braying platitudes'. There are some signs (Peter Lane's *Prince Philip*, Robert Hale Ltd 1980) that this was one of those press pieces which hurt the Palace.

This year (28 March), following the announcement of Fergie's engagement to Prince Andrew, we offered in connection with the royal family a freshly-minted analytical tool: forward genealogy. The press were and are suggesting that the Queen will make Andrew and Fergie duke and duchess of York, converting their courtesy titles to hereditary ones. Given the high standards of prenatal and child care available to the royal family, we pointed out, there are likely to be 10 hereditary royal dukedoms and infinite flocks of associated lord and ladylings by the next century if royal sons continue to be given Shakespearian titles.

It's a new *ancien regime* in the making, we said, with all the customary ominous overtones. As these words are written the Queen may or may not have taken the point on board, may or may not be picking the strawberry leaves for her second son. The interesting thing is that the *NS* has twice found itself in effect offering good advice to the monarchy on how to ensure its longevity: clean up the court (1957), trim back the titles (1986).

TIME TO TRY another tack, obviously. Any orderly eventual removal of the prodigiously exfoliating family tree that sits at the top of our affairs is going to need a new consensus about just *why* it is a nonsense, and a damaging nonsense, despite the constitutional advantages still loosely attributed to it.

Easy to say. It's probably true (confirmed by opinion polls) that Elizabeth II's conduct of her position has been such that she and the surrounding 'System' or 'Firm' — reported family names for today's monarchy — are perceived by the majority in all classes to be the

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least of problems in a Britain-on-the-slide. That they are admired, or at any rate famous, around the globe is obvious, which can be taken to be flattering when so little else about Britain is admired, or famous.

They bring in tourist revenues, it's urged; oblivious of the fact that Versailles and the Winter Palace also do a brisk trade. As head of the Commonwealth the Queen sustains some dignity for post-Imperial Britain, and inspired leaks suggest that she fights hard to keep together that 'family of nations' — as well she might, between Reagan's invasion of her island of Grenada, *sans* permit, *sans* notice, *sans* anything, and her Prime Minister's collision course on South African sanctions.

Even as personalities, the prominent individuals in today's sovereign British house have rendered themselves (since the 1950s) just about as innocuous as it's plausible to get without ceasing to be human. Margaret is quenched. Philip's curmudgeonliness, his deprecations of democracy (Paraguay 1964, Brazil 1968), his tiger-shooting despite presidency of the World Wildlife Fund (1960), have been effaced in the public eye, no doubt on grounds of advancing age — he's 65 — but also on a perception that he's insignificant now his children are grown up. The emergence of Denis Thatcher in 1979 as another male consort enhances that perception, as the two of them, so alike in age and supposed outlook and in walking one pace behind, create a new *opera bouffe* type of pendant male.

Diana is no longer thought anorexic. Anne's surliness has been submerged beneath her work for the Save the Children Fund. Charles, whom everyone rather hoped was going mad, puts up a convincing impersonation of sanity in the surreal role of heir . . . and so it goes. It must be fair to say that while there are one or two bruised apples (Lord Althorp, Princess Michael) and while a statistical probability of scandal is ever-there, the royal barrel as a whole is felt to be sounder than at any time in living memory, perhaps in all history.

Which provides, and on the part of the establishment has very deliberately provided, scant hand-hold for those who intuitively suppose that Britain rots from the top.

CHRONOCLASM — temporal earthquake, collision between products of different epochs introduced shatteringly into the same time-zone. A sci-fi concept, in which Einsteinian physics is overthrown.

Trust the British to make the breakthrough, even if as always our application of the discovery leaves something to be desired. A feasible mode of entry into what monarchy is doing to us as it orders out the horses and carriages next Wednesday to go to church, and welcome a bride who is going to promise to 'obey', is to see ourselves as governed — at the very moment when workers and managers are forever being exhorted to forsake '19th century practices' — in the name of a family who have fantastically devolved backwards into the rural Regency. Allow Jane Austen to make the case:

> *'Dowager Mrs Bennet, who had such difficulty raising only daughters, now mainly resides at Clarence House. At 85 she still retains a lively interest in family affairs. Her elder daughter Miss Lizzy Bennet, it will be recalled, made an excellent match with Mr Philip Darcy of Athens Park; of the marital misfortunes of her younger sister Lydia Margaret nothing further need here be mentioned. Mr Darcy was so obliging in consequence of his marriage as to adopt the better known name of Bennet. It was accordingly as Mr and Mrs Bennet that he and Lizzy after some years took up residence on the old Bennet property — Mr Collins, who was to have inherited it under entail, having run off with a Baltimore divorcee, disgracing himself in the eyes of his patroness Lady Catherine (Queen Mary) de Burgh . . .'*

Odd that Princess Anne did in real life marry a Phillips, the same name as Elizabeth Bennet's cousins in *Pride and Prejudice*.

Sailor sons, private incomes, formal titles, country houses, country visiting. And on high days and holidays, when full fig is required, an upward ascent through time to a period displaced from the rest of us by a mere century, rather than two centuries — the gorgeous apparel, the towering tiaras, of the 1880s, Forsytes of the *Forsytes Saga*. The Galsworthian echo was at top volume last Wednesday on the BBC1 *Wogan Show* when next week's father-in-law-of-the-bride-to-be talked to the nation of his passion for driving horse teams. Philip is slim: otherwise it might have been fat old Swithin Forsyte (*The Man of Property*) ruminating with pride on his London clubland nickname of 'Four-in-Hand Forsyte' as he drove his team to see his nephew Soames's new country house on a balmy day in 1887.

How are the British to cope? The apex of our society isn't a *modern* phenomenally wealthy family, but one plunged in a flagrantly pre-Socialist reverie, meticulously observing its public duties indeed, and desperately concerned about its 'respectability', but so far retarded in time that it is still accumulating property *out of untaxed income* (see box). A chronoclasm.

And how has it really been done? Look to Prince Philip, behind that public picture of him, so eerily doubled up with that of Denis Thatcher, as nonentity. He is the actual head of the Head Family behind the cover of his wife's vocation and his mama-in-law's glamour. He dominated the children's education (four in hand). It's understood that he manages the private estates: the 'real man' (papa of Prince Andrew of whom Fergie's father said 'I'm delighted she's marrying a real man') who has had the reins in his hands all along.

Twice over Britain's royals have been saved for posterity by incomer prince-consorts who enforced estate control and image control and left the family infinitely richer than they found it. Who will succeed Mr Darcy?

CASH-IN-HAND LANCASTER

THE PRIVATE FAMILY publicly known as 'the Windsors' — technically *Mountbatten*-Windsors, putting Philip's own surname first, just as Anne signed herself in her wedding register in 1973 — has many eccentricities, but not the least of them is Philip's lawful status as husband of the Duke of Lancaster (*pictured opposite*).

George III retained private use of the properties of the duchy of the Lancaster, for himself and his descendants, when he handed over other Crown lands in exchange for the Civil List in 1760. This may be the real reason why Prince Charles has such a publicly-declared affection for the memory of the old monarch.

In the 33 years incumbency of the present Duke of Lancaster the Duchy has paid £12.7 million 'to the Keeper of the Privy Purse (for Her Majesty's use)', according to the accounts lodged in the House of Commons library. In today's prices that's £40 million. In the year to last September the owner took £1,475,000 out of the business, which owns all of Lancashire's foreshore, coal mines, agricultural and moorland, property in the Strand in London and £5 million worth of stocks and shares. Norman Tebbit was paid £2,000 to administer it (less than a day a week).

Buckingham Palace stresses that the income from the Duchy pays for the maintenance of 'private' residences Sandringham and Balmoral, for charitable donations and for 'further assistance in meeting the official expenses' of the Dukes of Gloucester, Kent and Princess Alexandra, who don't claim their £355,600 Civil List.

The Duke of Lancaster pays no tax on her income. Even under Mrs Thatcher's low taxes on the rich — set aside earlier years — the Duke has saved £4.5 million in income tax since 1979, and a further £900,000 in unearned income surcharge between 1979 and its abolition in 1984. ●

Camera Press

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THE MAXWELL GAMES LTD

Never mind the sport, watch the ads. BRIAN WILSON dissects the Commonwealth Games finances

'THE WHOLE EXERCISE will be recognised by the British public as an event of great stature and ability, showing that the British are still capable in these difficult times of mounting a spectacular international event. All it takes, as usual, is the inspired leadership of one individual.'

Put that way, who could resist such a challenge? Certainly not Robert Maxwell, and so it is that his ample figure will preside over the Commonwealth Games during the next two weeks. The call for a great leader to save the Games and boost national morale came in a report commissioned by Cap'n Bob from Coopers and Lybrand Associates, management consultants.

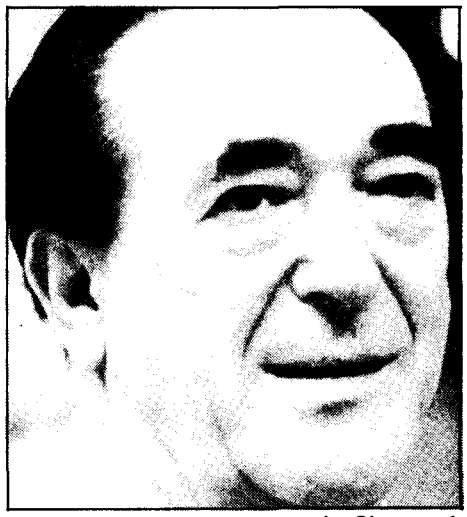
There is, it must be said, no evidence of Maxwell having sought to foist his leadership qualities on the Commonwealth Games. He became involved because, as the hours ticked away to the opening ceremony, the directors of Commonwealth Games Scotland 1986 Ltd were in a state of panic. This was the fund-raising and management body for the Games and by early June some of its directors were anxious about a possible shortfall on the Games.

Edinburgh has known since 1980 that the Games would be coming there, but until three years ago the entire staff consisted of one typist. Ousted from control of the city in 1984, the leading Tories who had put themselves in the top Games positions clung to them with more tenacity than expertise. TV and advertising rights were sold too cheaply. In the case of TV, the total world-wide package was sold to the BBC — who had been represented on the media committee — for £500,000, without ITV getting the chance to bid.

Even the decision over what the mascot should be was not straight forward. A public relations firm, whose services were later dispensed with, suggested a grey seal. In the end, a Scottie dog was settled for — though it has so far impinged little upon the public consciousness.

When Coopers and Lybrand looked at the set-up in mid-June, they found evidence of amateurism in the organisational preparations and *'naiveté'* in the commercial arrangements. They reckoned that the Games were heading for a £4.3 million shortfall — which explained the directors' agitation.

IT'S STILL gloriously unclear, from Maxwell's point of view at least, whether he will actually have to contribute any hard cash. There is general agreement that he has committed himself to no contractual arrangement that will put him in the financial firing-line. Maxwell's job has been to stimulate sponsors to start cutting into the possible deficit. If there is still a shortfall, one insider forecast, 'we can look forward to years of recrimination and litigation'.



City Syndication

Nigeria, Uganda, Kenya, Tanzania, Ghana and Malaysia (as we go to press) have pulled out, but Robert Maxwell can't lose

While doubts persist about what Maxwell is putting in, the Coopers and Lybrand report spelt out in alarming detail what he might expect to take out. The document is important not only in the context of the Commonwealth Games, but as a guide to just how close the relationship is between commercial sponsors and, in this case, BBC TV. The debate about advertising on the BBC is shown in an interesting new light.

The section of the Coopers and Lybrand report headed 'Marketing, Advertising and Corporate Image' was prepared by a firm of public relations consultants, MacDougalls Advertising. They headed it with a quote from Brendon Slamin, the BBC man in charge of the Games operation. 'Provided your sponsor does not want to promote any broadcast facility that could be seen as being in competition with the BBC, *we will do all that is possible to ensure that the television coverage is of the level the sponsor is entitled to ask for.'*

MacDougalls Advertising went on to spell out the 'entitlement'. Media exposure to one billion people is assured. 'What is essential is to ensure that the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Record* get continuous and maximum identification with the mounting of the Games.' Hospitality facilities, trackside and poolside advertising and printed material are 'only the beginning of the promotional association for the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Record.*' Other devices could include:

- 'Exclusive *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Record* access twice every day to competitors and officials in the *Mirror* and *Record* Press Briefing Centre.'
- 'It will be possible to dominate the advertising area behind the medal ceremony podium at Meadowbank . . . At the boxing the sponsors have the names of the two newspapers on the corner posts and not only is the ring used for each bout, it is used as the podium for the boxing medal ceremonies.'
- 'Intermittent electronic on-screen identification of the *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Record* in the BBC television coverage', though this would involve 'delicate negotiation'.'
- 'The electronic scoreboards will have permanent *Mirror* and *Record* posters at the bottom of their structures and we have a gentleman's agreement that every time the BBC turn to these scoreboards they will include the two mastheads in their transmitted picture.'
- 'The Chairman of the Federation can invite people to participate in Medal cermonies. If the Maxwell family and the editors of the two newspapers, as well as Games officials, present medals it will mean that one paper will be announced both in the broadcast commentary and in the public address system. In other words we dominate the outside interests at an agreed number of the ceremonies.'
- 'Sponsorship of an airship over the Meadowbank stadium — with on each side of the airship a giant masthead of the two newspapers. In "appropriate circumstances" the BBC cameras will bring the airship on screen.'

It remains to be seen just how many of these wheezes the BBC will go along with, and that alone will be worth watching out for over the next fortnight. There's no reason to doubt that all commercially-sponsored sports events look for the same kind of guarantees, making a mockery of the BBC's position on advertising.

When Edinburgh 'won' the Games in 1980, then Tory Lord Provost Kenneth Borthwick boasted that they 'needed no public funding'. (He has now been replaced by Maxwell as chair of the Games company.) In fact, Labour-controlled Edinburgh District Council has become the Games' biggest backer with a £4 million investment. But the government has still not contributed a penny. That's why a great international sporting event has ended up as a commercial circus, to the greater glory of Robert Maxwell M.C. □

SECOND HOUSE

ZANIES IN ERMINE

Should we cry? Or just go on laughing? ANDREW ROTH flashes his searchlight round more of the cobwebbed corners of the House of Lords

GRENADA-BORN Lord (David) Pitt, retired GP and last year the BMA's first Black president, tags the Lords as 'the best geriatric

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clinic in town'. When one sees 88-year-old former *Daily Herald* assistant editor, Lord Leatherland, the youngest sergeant major in World War I, one understands the motivation the Lords provides. One sees more often a submariner in World War I, Lord ('Bill') Blyton, who wheezes his way in, his lungs impaired by long years in the Durham pits.

But the efforts these old men make contrasts with the poor voting record of, for example, the radical Liberal computer salesman, Lord Avebury, whose meteoric arrival for Orpington as Eric Lubbock in 1962 was produced by a mass turnout of anti-Tory voters; he has yet to turn out for one of the 90-odd serious votes in this 1985-86 session, not even after working hours — though he *does* have a good record taking up immigration cases.

Just as it's difficult to explain why peers question or speak but do not vote, so it is equally hard to explain why some vote but do not speak. Normally garrulous Baroness (Marcia) Falkender, Harold Wilson's former personal and political secretary, has been voting recently but has yet to speak. One would have liked to hear what she might have replied to the late Lord Vaizey, who died a Tory peer after she'd instigated his elevation after he'd helped the entry into Westminster's prep school of her two illegitimate children.

Luckily her recommendation of a Labour peerage for the right-wing Tory, Sir James Goldsmith, was scaled down to a knighthood when it came under examination. She limits the public expression of her views to her weekly column in the *Mail on Sunday*. Curiously for one whose votes are limited to Labour's side, that column is characterised by regular doses of anti-Kinnock spleen.

There's no explaining why some peers turn up and others don't. The 2nd Viscount Soulbury, who became a Hindu monk in Sri Lanka after his father was Governor General there, has returned to Britain but has yet to try to convert his colleagues in the Lords. But the 4th Earl of Russell — the son of 'Bertie' and the just-deceased Dora, who has long suffered from schizophrenia — turns up once or twice a year to give pro-IRA or anti-nuclear speeches, to Tory barracking.

The 67-year-old 10th Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, a Hampstead resident and product of Eton and Sandhurst, has never spoken, although he inherited the title in 1959; his family owned 483,000 acres in the Highlands in 1873 until an ancestor gambled it all away.

SUCH self-consciousness doesn't afflict Lord Kagan (or 'Lord Gannex'), the Wilson-elevated raincoat manufacturer. He lectures the Lords on prison reform on the basis of his firsthand experience in 1980 after being jailed for massive fraud in exporting indigo dye and concealing assets abroad. He seems unworried by his having denounced Britain's 'silken-gloved anti-Semitism' when unsuccessfully trying to stay in Israel to dodge his trial. He has continued to cultivate the friendship of Harold Wilson, whose office in Opposition he used to help subsidise; he hosted a party for 100 on Wilson's elevation in February 1982.

Some of the current lotus-eating bearers of inherited titles turn up in the best tourist traps and watering holes, as remittance men or tax exiles. Marbella boasts of a longhaired old Etonian barman, a nephew of Lord (Jo) Grimond, who bears the title of the 3rd Baron Rowallan. His starchy right-wing anti-homosexual father, who was Chief Scout of the Commonwealth and Empire, didn't approve of his beachcombing tendencies, particularly not after he 'married' April Ashley, the model who had had a sex change operation — and then proceeded to divorce her for non-consummation, amidst acres of pop journal publicity. The upshot was that Rowallan Castle and 10,000 acres (worth together some £2 million) went to the grandson.

Even more exciting lives have been lived by the Earls of Stradbroke. When the current 6th Earl returned in 1984 after 26 years of sheepfarming in Australia to claim his 3,500-acre Henham estate in Beccles, Suffolk, he found his late father had made a tenant there of his young cousin, who forbade his entry until the courts intervened. This was hard on the 6th Earl who had to house in a large and shabby ex-rectory nearby not only his then 11 children by two marriages, but also his father's five love children.

The unusual, un-English fecundity of this peerage was discovered when it emerged that, in divorcing his first Australian wife, she had claimed 70 co-respondents. 'But', he said modestly, 'she only proved 23 . . .' Unfortunately for the Lord's reputation for virility, he returned to Australia with his again-pregnant second wife.

Do you realise you're contributing about 50p a week?

South Africa earns around £990 million a year from exports to Britain.
That's around 50p a week for every adult in Britain.
This money acts as both practical and moral support to the system of Apartheid.
You contribute as an individual whenever you buy South African produce (like Cape or Outspan fruit).
And if your company pension scheme has shares in South African companies, it's also investing in the future of Apartheid.
The Government won't stop trade with South Africa, but you can. Here's how.
Don't buy South African goods.
Ask stores that still stock them to find alternatives and support them when they do.
Press your company to sever any links with South Africa.
And raise the issue of sanctions with your M.P.
Finally you can help us to get this message across to more people by sending donations to the TUC South Africa Campaign Fund.
Apartheid is an indefensible evil.
Don't buy it time.

TUC

Please send me Campaign materials on South Africa.
I enclose a donation of £_____ payable to TUC, South Africa Campaign Fund.
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ADDRESS_____
NS1

Please return to TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS
This advertisement has been placed by the Trades Union Congress in association with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which represents 144 organisations with a total membership of 80 million in 92 countries

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MEDIA

Style and substance in the City

MANDY MERCK

FOLLOWERS of the Style Wars dramarama currently animating the glossier sections of the Left press may be amused to learn that the September issue of *The Face* will carry a substantial section on the City. Ditto a forthcoming *Sunday Times Magazine*, which is equally arrested by September's 'Big Bang' deregulation of the London Stock Exchange.

Typically, while socialists try hard to stop being square and get into the superstructure, the stylists are turning their attention back to the Square Mile itself. The City and its financial services, futures markets and mergers, all those brawling young brokers in their shirtsleeves, are about to receive the concerted attention of the media, and not just the part of it printed on pink pages.

Last Monday Channel 4 opened its six-part series 'Commodities', a map of the world as structured by the production and exchange of your everyday stimulants — coffee, tea and sugar — and other historically collateral items, such as opium, money and slaves. Journalists have now been shown the programmes on early colonialism and plantations, the cultivation of sugar to the present day, and the histories of tea, coffee and futures speculation. But Channel 4 won't preview the 18 August finale on corporate colonialism and Third World debt, and have already commissioned a seventh balancing programme to mollify the anticipated anger of certain transnational corporations.

This nervousness may be ascribed in part to the channel's perpetual uncertainty about balancing viewpoints across its schedule or within particular series of programmes, and to the slippery conventions of television reportage in general. Such programmes range across a spectrum from news bulletins, in which presenters are seen to read their items on behalf of the broadcasting organisation, to the signed documentary, in which Pilgeresque reporters tell viewers their 'own' stories. Such personal presentations, like those on *Diverse Reports*, often escape the equivocation urged upon analytic overviews like the 'Commodities' conclusion.

A related set of conventions bedevilled the Band Aid documentary, 'Food and Trucks and Rock 'n' Roll', rerun last Thursday on BBC1 with six minutes of missing footage restored after protests from its makers.

Coincidentally, those minutes also dealt with the recent drop in commodity prices and the rise in indebtedness as structural causes of Third World famine. When the programme was first transmitted last New Year's Eve, BBC producer Mike Appleton decreed that such a discussion 'halted the progress of hope' presumably appropriate to an inspirational Yuletide rock show.

A similar fate befell the Band Aid commercials made for the recent Sport Aid jamboree. The BBC also opted out of most of these, including the David Bailey ad declaring 'Bury the debt — not the dead'.

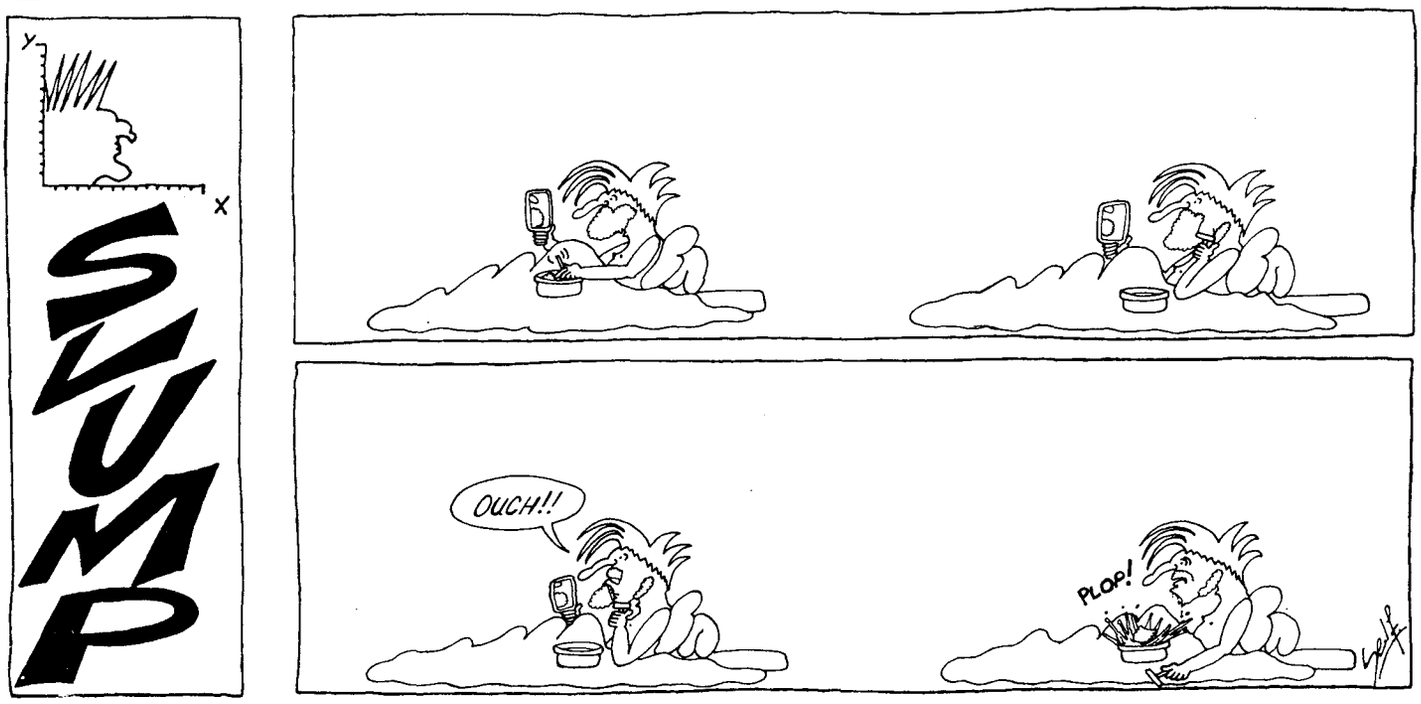
Such an appeal cuts through the cosy hearthside philanthropy which lost Band Aid the left-wing support currently called for in *Marxism Today*. This philanthropic stance — which disguises the extent to which those of us toasting 'the other ones' are ourselves enriched and impoverished by the money market and the multinationals — is also difficult to sustain in detailed financial reporting.

The discourse of the 'less fortunate' tends to evaporate when the responsible parties are revealed to be neither fate nor famine but the *Fortune* 500, top corporations which can be named and observed in their wanton destruction of national economies.

Another new Channel 4 report, 'The Curative Treatment' (26 July), attempts just that in its study of the current takeover boom. While the Hanson Trust telly ad dazzles us with Denholm Elliott's suavely assured description of all the bricks it makes, its top executives may be emitting a few of their own as they await this description of their rapid rundown of Ever Ready batteries and sundry other 'cash cows'. Interestingly, in terms of 'balancing' conventions, Lord Hanson has declined to reply to this anatomy of asset-stripping — although a former member of his management makes a noteworthy appearance.

But Hanson isn't singled out for this treatment. British Land, GEC and the ubiquitous Robert Maxwell are also tracked in their predatory pursuit of cash-rich companies, and their subsequent transformation from producers of products to producers of pure profits, without all that tedious manufacturing in between. Commissioned by Channel 4's Business Editor, 'The Curative Treatment's' examination of the despoliation of Britain's domestic economy comes remarkably close in its conclusions to the radical overview of 'Commodities': 'The only law that rules the multinationals is growth. If they don't grow fast enough, they're merely taken over by someone who does.'

As the City dispenses with still more rules, it will be fascinating to watch the broadcasters try to balance the commentaries which ensue. □



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DIARY

Bill Greenwell

Exeter

At last I make it into the BBC, for whose local radio station I've just started doing occasional arts reviews. This is after six years reviewing for the commercial station up the road. Doing a slight switch of stations is not merely remunerative, however. It makes me realise how fluent I've become in radio lingo. There was I, in an unfamiliar studio, chatting affably away about *wearing cans, carting up, pot-cutting, flying edits* and the like. Every institution generates its own patois, although it took me a while to get the hang of radio semaphore. I once took a presenter's accelerating finger-circles to mean I should keep going, keep going, keep going. I changed up into third gabble. Suddenly, he slit an imaginary line across his throat. I smashed full tilt into a full stop. The credits rolled. 'Bill', he said, 'when I move my finger round like this, it means *wind it up*.' Oh.

○

The college at which I teach is also thick with abstruse terminology. When some candidates arrived for a recent job interview, I found myself having to translate so often that one suggested a glossary might be handy. In fact, we are speaking with forked tongue at the moment, since the college is having a general shake-up. There is a new lingo moving in to replace the old and a hybrid language exists in the interim. As with most educational institutions the vocabulary is boggling. I find myself quite naturally banging out memos which would be quite incomprehensible to an outsider, containing, for instance, the following terms: *induction, mentor, shoulder-rubbing, on the grid, Access* (no relation, and nothing to do with computers either), *'T' zone, abatement, cluster, keys, slots, 8.3,* and, my pet hate, *infill*. Mind you, it's pleasant to report that *lesson* is on the way back in. It has gradually ousted *module* (or, more usually, *double-module*) as a unit of time. However, your module is an educational chameleon, turning up in whatever colour it pleases, and, until recently at least, especially at Oxford Poly. This particular institution used to leave prospective students and their hapless advisers with a paracetemol habit, just attempting to understand the entry form. You got an outsize, fold-out form, where you'd stick between 10 and 14 ticks, and a series of notes that made the instructions on How To Fit A Child's Safety Seat and Harness in a car a positive doddle. (Am I the only one to have suffered brain-scramble doing this?)

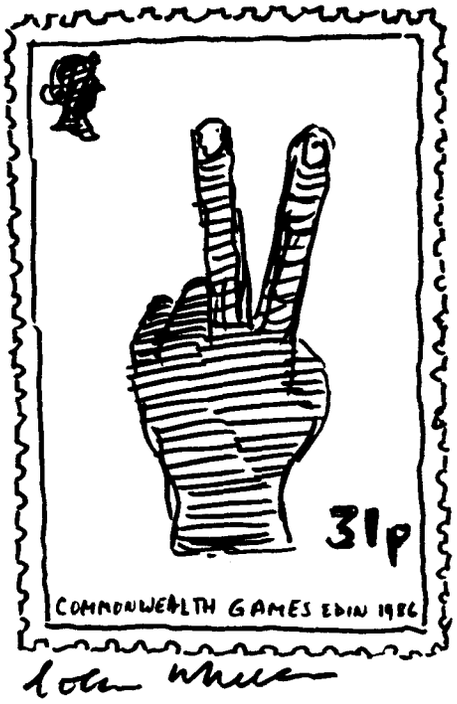
○

Official jargon fascinates me. There is a terrible, protective, paranoid instinct feeding it, creating it, perpetuating it. Show me a clutch of polysyllables, and I'll find a twitch in the finger that tapped them on to a keyboard (Typing now being known as *Keyboarding,* incidentally). The world of teaching — 'the ed. biz', as Tom Lehrer called it — is full of such nameless terrors and pointless grandeur. For *sums*, read *arithmetical calculations*. Open a Communication syllabus, and wonder at its inability to communicate: one to which I've taught stated as an aim that all students should 'respond flexibly to personal factors'. But best of all is the new word I've heard for discussion. At a meeting to discuss Oral Communication (you know, talk and listen), the best laugh raised was when the Devon English adviser passed on what he'd heard the old process called. *Audio-conferencing.*

○

What we were audio-conferencing about generally was the introduction of the new General Certificate of Secondary Education (GCSE). The process of translating The Rules ('*Criteria*') is itself an industry. The Department of Education and Science tell the local authorities. The local authorities tell the heads of department. The heads of department tell the teachers with whom they work. The word 'tell' does not, however, figure much in this. A new piece of jargon has of course been created. It is the verb, to *cascade*. I cascade, you cascade, we are all cascaded. And boy, do we need it. Here is an exciting extract from the National Criteria on teaching English Lit. The issue is *differentiation*:

> *Differentiated Assessment*
> Differentiation in English Literature arises from the nature of the tests studied and the tasks set and will be achieved by the use of differentiated papers; differentiated tasks within papers; or a non-differentiated component combined with a differentiated component; and by the use of differentiated tasks within coursework.



See? The reason teachers walk round with their eyes popping out is that they are subjected, daily, to reams of guff like this.

○

But at least we don't sit round spouting it (well, not much. The stuff's mildly contagious, after all). The GCSE meeting in Exeter was an active and jolly affair, and the English teachers present were bushy-tailed at the prospect offered by the late Sir Keith to choose whichever syllabus they wanted. You may labour under the apprehension that Education is nationalised. It isn't. Given that much of the content is strongly influenced by syllabuses, and that the boards offering these syllabuses are private companies, by and large, *and* that choice of board has often been restricted by the local authority, much of the work done has been for capitalist monopolies. The worst of all worlds. Now we're blessed with a free market economy. Choice! It's heady. At our meeting the show of hands was strongly for the Northern Examining Association, a body which takes pains to make sure syllabuses are designed for students and teachers by *teachers*. In English, they offer an attractive 100 per cent coursework package, which gives individual schools and colleges the freedom to work out what suits their own pupils and students best. This means, in our view, writing which is not mainly assessed by final ('*terminal*') exams. However, one local wag recognised that we may be sounding the death-knell for yet another part of the national economy. If we move away from final exams — also known in the trade as 'sudden death' — then it's several million exam desks on the market. And also, as he observed, it means *the bottom has fallen out of the market for three-inch pieces of string, examination scripts for the use of*. I leave you with the mental image of some dread Dickensian sweatshop, orphans mindlessly toiling with blunt scissors for examinees who shall shortly cease to exist.

ROGER WODDIS

Lines for a Royal Occasion

Oh, lovely lady, flaming girl,
For whom the loyal flags unfurl!
Oh, let us greet the joyous day
With pounding hearts and proud display!

We have been breathless ever since
We learnt you were to wed a prince:
Oh, blessèd pair! Oh, plighted troth!
A Happy Union to you both!

Soon we shall give a hearty cheer,
For now the day is drawing near
When all who throng this sea-girt isle
Will watch you walking down the aisle.

What glory will we witness then,
Beyond the art of brush or pen!
And what a pity if the Muse
Decided to desert Ted Hughes.

When every household is agog
(A Union jacket for the dog),
The wedded power of Church and State
Waves to the crowd beyond the gate.

A toast, then, to a Royal Romance,
To Fergieburgers, Andypants,
To duty and the ducal phallus,
Before we settle down to *Dallas*.

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NO APPETITE FOR REVENGE

Camera Press

As he opened the door to democracy, King Juan Carlos didn't want to reopen old wounds

Surprisingly, the Spanish Left chooses to forget the Civil War. PAUL PRESTON explains how Franco's use of the 'festering issue' to hold together his supporters has turned Spaniards into 'militant pacifists'

CONTRARY TO ALL expectations, the silence in Spain surrounding the fiftieth anniversary of the Civil War is almost deafening. Only a long television series and a couple of film cycles are being prepared. There have been some discreet academic conferences one of which, held under the title 'Valencia, Capital of the Republic', had its publicity poster, designed by the poet Rafael Alberti on the basis of the Republican flag, unofficially but effectively censored. The great Spanish experience of popular resistance against fascism is receiving no official commemoration.

This is an act of political prudence on the part of a goverment fully aware of the sensibilities of the Armed forces; even though the Socialists are in power, army officers who fought for the Republic still do not receive the pensions they are entitled to. It is also a reflection of the extent to which Spain's current democratic stability is built on the notion of reconciliation and a tacit agreement to forget the past. When King Juan Carlos was crowned in 1975, the liberal Cardinal-Archbishop of Madrid, Vicente Enrique y Tarancón, urged him to be 'King of all the Spaniards'. In doing so, he was asking the young monarch to forget a central part of his Francoist heritage. The Dictatorship which Juan Carlos inherited, and which he was shortly to help dismantle, had kept alive the memory of the Civil War and enjoyed massive privileges by dint of dividing Spain into victors and vanquished.

Cardinal Tarancón's words were hardly surprising because important sections of the Church had long since dropped out of the coalition of forces which had won the Civil War. Priests had issued a declaration which dramatically rejected the triumphant war-time ideology of the Dictatorship and explicitly asked forgiveness of the Spanish people for the Church's failure to be an instrument of reconciliation.

AT THE SAME time as the Church and the King were taking the path of reconciliation, Franco's supporters included 100,000 Falangists who were authorised to carry guns. Many of them had already begun to plan ways

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of holding back the clock. Ever since the late 1960s, there had been organisations with names like the Warriors of Christ the King, the Spanish National-Socialist Party and the Commandos of Anti-Marxist Struggle devoted to attacking leaders of the democratic opposition, whether priests, workers or labour lawyers.

In the autumn of 1974, with intimations of Franco's mortality coming thick and fast, a massive organisation of ultra-rightist 'nationalist' war veterans had formed the National Confederation of Ex-Combatants. All these groups were devoted to what they called the 'values of 18 July 1936', the day on which the army rose against the Second Republic. In order to defend the privileges which they associated with Franco's victory in the Civil War, they were prepared to go down fighting in the rubble of the Chancellery and were thus collectively known as the 'bunker'.

While the Socialists feel obliged to remain silent about the way in which the previous democratic regime was crushed with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, the forces of the bunker will be celebrating 18 July with a mass for those who fell in what they call the 'war of liberation'. The mass will be held at the great Francoist mausoleum, the Valley of the Fallen near Escorial, which was built by the forced labour of 20,000 Republican prisoners. Then in September, a mass will be held to celebrate the relief by Franco of the Alcazar of Toledo.

That the Right should commemorate its dead and its heroes is hardly surprising. The fall of Madrid in April 1939 did not signify the beginnings of peace or reconciliation but rather heralded the institutionalisation of full-scale vengeance against the defeated Left. The decade since Franco's death is hardly enough to wipe out 40 years of belligerent propaganda.

Franco worked harder than anyone to keep the war a festering issue. Until 1975, the year of Franco's death, the Falangist hymn, *Cara al sol* (Face to the Sun) was regularly heard on public occasions and at close-down every evening on Spanish television. Every church in Spain had painted or carved on its walls the name of the Falangist leader, José Primo de Rivera, 'the absent one'. Spanish public buildings had, and some still have, scrolls of honour for the war dead, but only for those of one side, those who fell for God and for Spain. National holidays in Spain other than saints' feast days were victory festivals: 1 April — 'the Day of Victory'; 17 April — 'the Day of the Unification' (to celebrate the forcible unification of all political parties into the Falangist-dominated single party, the *Movimiento*); 18 July — 'the Day of the Uprising'; 1 October — 'the Day of the Caudillo'; 29 October — 'the Day of the Fallen'.

Memories of the war and of the bloody repression which followed it were carefully nurtured in order to keep together the uneasy Francoist coalition of soldiers, priests, landowners, industrialists, bankers and more humble members of society who, out of opportunism, political and religious conviction or wartime geographical loyalty, threw in their lot with the regime.

Reminders of the war were useful to rally the wavering loyalty of any or all of these groups. Newspapers, a flood of books, radio and later television programmes, children's school texts and even comics presented the 'Reds' as the Moscow-inspired, blood-crazed perpetrators of sadistic atrocities.

The 'bunker' is made of up of those who, having enjoyed the fruits of the post-war repression and corruption, were especially susceptible to hints that only Franco stood between them and the revenge of their victims. A more dangerous commitment came until recently from the military defenders of the Civil War legacy. Army officers had been educated since 1939 in Academies where they were taught that the military existed to defend Spain from communism, anarchism, socialism, parliamentary democracy and regionalists who wanted to destroy Spain's unity. Accordingly, after Franco's death the bunker and its military supporters attempted with some obstinacy to destroy democracy in Spain in the name of the Nationalist victory in the Civil War. They tried in 1978, in 1979, in 1980, and notably on 23 February 1981, again on the eve of the elections of October 1982 and more feebly only a couple of months ago.

AP

'Stop! Turn the clock back.' It's the ultra-Right — like Lieut Col Antonio Tejero who took over the parliamentary chamber on 23 February 1981 — who want to remember 1936

JUST HOW IRRELEVANT the bunker is to the real Spain and its perception of the Civil War was shown by a series of opinion polls held in 1983. They categorically suggested that, far from seeing the Civil War in Francoist terms as a glorious crusade to defend true religion against the barbaric hordes of communism, 73 per cent of Spaniards regard it as 'a shameful period of Spanish history that it is better to forget'. Only 20 per cent of present-day Spaniards were aged 13 or over in 1936. Fewer than seven per cent of the present Spanish population could have fought in the war. Nevertheless, the impact of the war is still alive. One in four Spaniards has a relative who was killed in the war; one in ten has a relative who was forced into exile in 1939; two out of three have a relative who fought.

However, the memory of the horrors of the war is such that, although personal hatreds survive, they have been subsumed into what has been called 'a militant pacifism'. This has been of the greatest importance for the survival of Spain's new democracy. Over 70 per cent of Spaniards describe themselves as belonging to a broad continuum from Centre-Right to Centre-Left. In none of the four elections held since Franco have parties of the extreme Left or Right gained more than two per cent of the vote. The Communist Party, at its most moderate and Eurocommunist, never gained more than ten per cent. The corollary is that 40 per cent of Spaniards claim to have no interest whatsoever in politics, as opposed to 50 per cent in Italy, 28 per cent in Britain, 26 per cent in France and 14 per cent in West Germany. On the other hand, after the abortive military coup of 23 February 1981, millions of people demonstrated in the streets of Spain in favour of democracy.

Today, many Spaniards prefer to forget the war and to reject the Francoist creed of revenge in their quest for a stable democracy. Accordingly, they have had to turn their backs on many of the most memorable and heroic elements of the popular struggles of 1936-1939. Their attitude is understandable, rooted as it is in political prudence.

For non-Spaniards, it is equally appropriate that the Spanish Civil War should be remembered. It was both a rehearsal for the bigger world war to come and a harbinger of new and bestial forms of modern warfare that were universally dreaded. It was because they shared the collective fear of what defeat for the Spanish Republic might mean that men and women, workers and intellectuals, went to join the International Brigades. Despite the way in which the crimes of Stalin were visited upon Spain, there can be no disputing that the volunteers saw clearly in 1936 what for another three years many chose to ignore — that Spain was the last bulwark against the horrors of Hitlerism.

Paul Preston is author of: The Spanish Civil War 1936-1939 *(Weidenfeld & Nicolson) and* The Triumph of Democracy in Spain *(Methuen). He is Professor of History and Director of the Centre for Contemporary Spanish Studies, Queen Mary College, University of London.*

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GANG WARFARE IN THE ARMS TRADE

The US State Department is doing its damnedest to play down the latest episode in Israeli theft of US military technology — this time of a cluster bomb. For the number of high-ups who may be involved it could mean a Watergate-sized scandal, says CLAUDIA WRIGHT

Washington

MILITARY EXPERTS WHO have seen test results of the cluster bomb say the damage it causes is far greater than the type of cluster bomb the US has been using since the Vietnam War, known as 'Rockeye'. By legal means Israel had obtained substantial numbers of the 'Rockeye', which were dropped with terrible effect over Lebanon during the 1982 invasion. Weapons from the US were then suspended as a token of US dissociation from the attack.

Now, say sources close to the US government investigation, the Israelis have been trying to obtain the technology of the new bomb so that they can manufacture it for themselves, and sell it to foreign customers. US sources believe one of the potential buyers for the weapon is the People's Republic of China, which has been involved in secretive military trade with Israel for several years.

An investigation of the Israeli operation to steal the cluster bomb technology — known as Project Blue 97B — has been under way at the Federal Bureau of Investigation and at the Pentagon's own investigative service for several months. The investigation was apparently triggered by a report of illegal Israeli involvement in Project Blue 97B that appeared in *NS* (13 December 1985).

Since then, FBI and Pentagon investigators have interviewed US government officials, US military officers responsible for the cluster bomb development, and representatives of private companies working on the project. Israelis working for their government's military procurement office in New York apparently obtained specifications, blueprints and technology from sources in Project Blue 97B, and then arranged with a number of US manufacturers, not directly involved in cluster bomb manufacture, to build the equipment Israel's private arms firms need to run their own production lines.

It isn't clear how the US Customs investigation, which has focused on this second group of companies, has been co-ordinated with the investigation of the illegal diversion of technology from the first group of firms. One of the 'Project Blue 97B' contractors is a Californian subsidiary of the London-based International Signal and Control Corporation, a highly secretive company which came to London in 1982 to avoid the public disclosure of its clients and stock-holders required by US law.

One of the second group of companies identified in the US Customs investigation, Vector Corporation of Marion, Iowa, is partially owned and run by members of the family of US Senator John Danforth of Missouri, who has attracted considerable financial support from pro-Israel lobby groups and who chairs Senate committees on science and international trade.

In open defiance of US law, the Israeli government has ordered those members of its procurement mission who have received US subpoenas and who do not have diplomatic immunity, to refuse to testify. The financial stakes in the investigation are enormous. The US is planning to spend about $2,000 million on the new cluster munitions. If the Israelis reproduce the technology, the potential international sales which US companies stand to lose may total at least another $5,000 million.

While the details of the investigation are arcane and deter many of the so-called investigative media in Washington from looking beyond the official handouts of the Israeli Embassy and the State Department, which are both playing down the affair, the implications are politically explosive. An *NS* source, who has been interviewed by the FBI and Pentagon investigators, claims they told him the target of their investigation was a senior Pentagon official.

'While the details of the investigation are arcane and deter many of the so-called investigative media in Washington from looking beyond the official handouts, the implications are politically explosive'

AT THE SAME TIME, evidence that has been virtually ignored in US coverage of the affair of US intelligence analyst caught spying for Israel, Jonathan Jay Pollard (see *NS*, 29 November; 6, 13 December 1985), reveals the Israelis had a well-placed informant within the FBI, the Justice Department or the White House who tipped off Israeli embassy officials before Pollard himself was arrested, and in time for Pollard's controllers to escape back to Israel. The fact that the Israelis still have high-level US government collaborators exposes the vulnerability of US counter-intelligence, and raises the possibility that those Administration officials who have been trying to quash the ongoing investigation of Pollard's espionage and the theft of US military technology may themselves become the targets of charges of obstruction of justice. That is potentially a Watergate-sized scandal that could bring down some of the most powerful men in the Reagan Administration.

In the meantime, the European members of NATO have learned that the Israeli campaign to steal US intelligence secrets and military technology has also targeted NATO secrets as well. Official documents released during Pollard's appearance in court last month reveal he was passing material of NATO origin and with NATO classifications to Israel. Specifications of British, French, and Italian weapons systems that have been submitted in bids for NATO or US procurement were almost certainly sought by the Israelis, and stolen by Pollard. □

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LETTERS

Clash over 9½ weeks

Maeve Mackay, Bradford, W, Yorks

Paul Miles's article (*NS* 11 July) is yet another example of thought emanating from both men and women on the Left equating 'radical feminism' with every easy hate figure from Mary Whitehouse to Reagan to Stalin. If this political abuse is what is supposed to pass for intellectual argument, it just won't do and as a socialist feminist I'm tired of it.

The analogy with Mary Whitehouse is such a collapsed argument, I'm surprised anyone still thinks it stands up. Just because two pressure groups — Whitehouse and feminists — coincide on one conclusion — that they dislike degrading images of women — does not mean they share a political outlook or that they have reached the conclusion from the same paths. Or indeed that feminists are wrong simply because Whitehouse agrees with them on one point.

Miles may assume naivety for the convenience of his shallow argument, but the media has, however unconsciously, recognised otherwise. Whitehouse is given airtime because she defends Victorian values which is comforting to most journalists who see it as a defence of the status quo. Feminists present a much more fundamental challenge to accepted values. Underlying Whitehouse's views is a deep dislike of sexual activity — except when focussed on producing a family. She would abhor the sexuality of most feminists, many of whom are lesbian and non-monogamous — and many on the Left would probably find themselves in the Whitehouse camp on that one.

Of course, there are inherent dangers on censorship, especially if it falls into the wrong hands. But so far, those who argue against it have come up with no other way of tackling the systematic degradation of women. They seem to prefer simply to sneer at radical feminists. Perhaps tackling the real issue is just not high on their agenda. For God's sake, *NS*, give us some real debate on this one.

Oh — and *Woman's Own* have beaten you to it. They're doing a survey on rape which includes asking women what they think of Clare Short's bill. Hardly rad fem reading, *Woman's Own*. If the majority of their readers want to see an end to page 3 (not because they assume it will stop rape, but will at least allow/create a tiny bit more space for self-respect) — then what will you call them? Thatcherites, I suppose — one of the few terms of abuse left to you.

No 'wet solution' for acid rain

Stanley Clinton Davis, EEC Commissioner, Brussels

Lest readers get the impression from your Scrutiny piece on William Waldegrave (*NS* 4 July) that I sabotaged proposals to resolve the EEC's arguments over power station emissions at the June Environment Council, let me set the record straight.

During the Council, I reaffirmed the European Commission's long-held view that for any community decision to be valid it must result in prompt, substantial and permanent reductions in the amount of sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxide released by power stations. To that end, the Commission has, for example, pushed for a reduction of at least 60 per cent in sulphur dioxide emissions by 1995. Of course, a number of EEC countries — notably France and West Germany — are well on their way to achieving this target on the basis of their domestic policies. It would be extraordinary if the Commission or the Community as a whole were to sanction an agreement which allowed other countries to move at a significantly slower pace.

At the June Council, the Dutch presidency tabled a document which, if accepted, would have given the blessing of Community law to a proposal which would achieve a negligible cutback in emissions. In fact, the Dutch proposal would have aimed for a reduction of sulphur dioxide emissions of only 40 per cent by 1995: you will see that the Commission's proposal — which I believe represents a realistic target — would have been significantly weakened. This is something I could not accept.

This is not to say that an agreement cannot be achieved over the coming months: the Commission is determined to make progress. There are possibilities of genuine compromise which I, as the commissioner responsible, will do my best to encourage. But I for one will certainly not be content with a purely cosmetic solution to the persistently destructive phenomenon of acid rain.

No Irish allowed

Niall Cusack, Campaign for Labour Representation in Ireland

I'm sorry that Fionnuala O Connor (*NS* 4 July) in her stream-of-consciousness think-piece, 'Bigotry — Prod, Roman and Ours', didn't explain that the reason why people like Sammy Wilson don't join or vote Labour is that they're not allowed to.

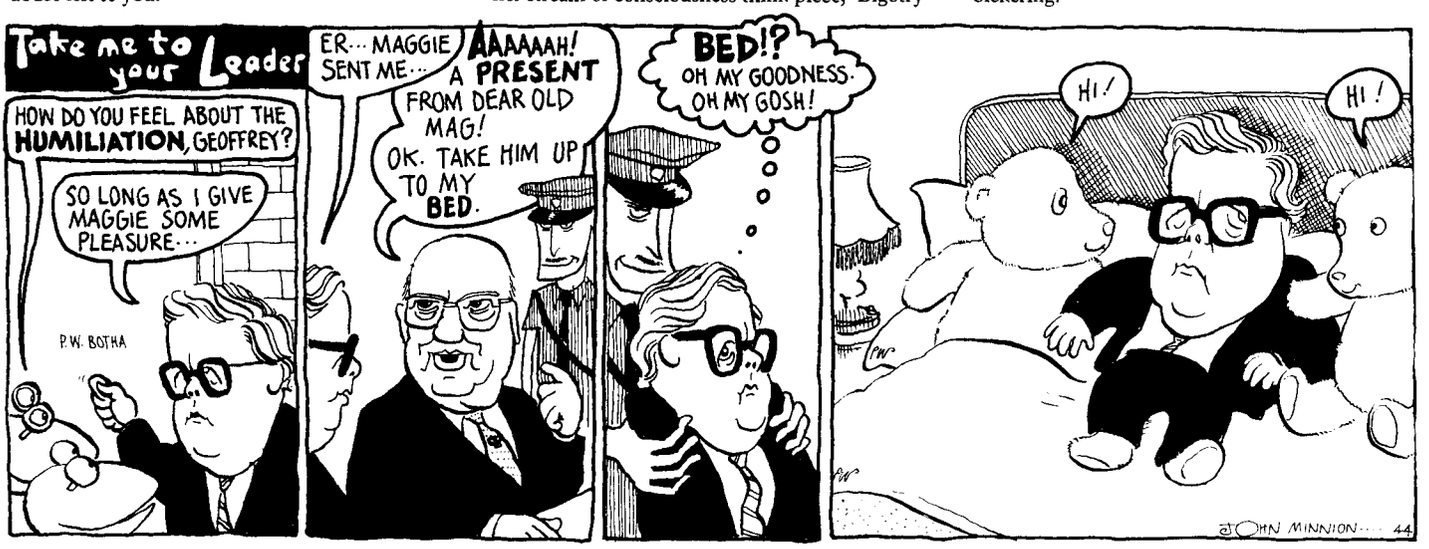
The Labour Party is quite impartial: whether you're Protestant or Catholic, if you live in Northern Ireland and you apply to join the Party, your application will be rejected, as mine was. When in office, the Labour Party governs us. When out of office, the Labour Party makes policy for us. But none of us in NI, whatever our religion, is allowed to vote Labour or contribute to the policy-making process. We are 'lesser breeds without the law', and the apartheid of NI is rigorously maintained by Left and Right alike within the Party.

None of the major British parties accepts members here or contests elections. (Sorry, not quite true: the SDP accepts members, but forbids them to contest elections. No comment!)

Well within living memory, the politics of Liverpool were still cast in the image of Belfast: the Orange lodges exerted considerable influence, there were Protestant parties and Catholic parties, and the Tories played the Orange card for all it was worth. The Labour Party changed all that; and whatever you think of Militant, the energies of working-class Catholics and Protestants in Liverpool have been channelled in a different direction. Same in Glasgow.

If the Labour Party allowed people like Sammy Wilson and his Catholic counterparts to join, there is at least a chance that the same could happen in Belfast and Derry. At the moment there's no chance, because the Labour Party has chosen to hide its head in the sand and slavishly rubber-stamp the Tory Anglo-Irish Agreement, which is simply a recipe for a short sharp civil war followed by the creation of an Orange Free State. It is not a matter of 'language': it is a historic betrayal of the entire Northern Irish working class, and particularly of working-class Catholics, who are left with a wretched choice between the ultra-Catholic nationalism of the SDLP and the National Socialism of the Provos.

Evangelical Protestantism à la Paisley has always been a fringe element of Ulster Unionism, but never central. For working-class Protestants, the essence of Unionism has always been that people in NI should be allowed the same rights as people in Britain (including the right to divorce). Once again, Fionnuala O Connor is wrong: in Northern Ireland, 'Protestant' simply means 'not Roman Catholic'. And most 'Protestants' like most 'Catholics' are not especially religious. Why, then, should all of us be abandoned by the Labour Party to a futile and bloody sectarian bickering?


Take me to your Leader
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE HUMILIATION, GEOFFREY?
SO LONG AS I GIVE MAGGIE SOME PLEASURE...
P.W. BOTHA
ER... MAGGIE SENT ME...
AAAAAAH! A PRESENT FROM DEAR OLD MAG!
OK. TAKE HIM UP TO MY BED.
BED!? OH MY GOODNESS. OH MY GOSH!
HI!
HI!
JOHN MINNION... 44

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PATRIOTIC FANTASY

The Royal Romance exposes deep-seated changes in the British self-image. RAPHAEL SAMUEL seeks an explanation of the potency of nationalism

'I hope this play made you feel that, in spite of the troublous times we are living in, it is still pretty exciting to be English.' Noel Coward seems to have stumbled on patriotism by accident on the opening night of *Cavalcade* in 1931, in response to a curtain call.

The speech was singularly at variance with his previously established persona; with the ostensible narrative of the play — a chronicle of ageing, loss and bereavement; and with the jazz-age number, 'Twentieth Century Blues', which provided the penultimate scene. Only a year before he had written *Post Mortem*, a look at life in 1930 seen through the eyes of a dying ex-soldier — 'a strange, angry polemic about the betrayed promises and false illusions that came after the war to end all wars'. In *Cavalcade* itself, the true subject is not excitement and adventure but *survival*, the resilience of the family in a world that is out of joint.

It is doubtful if such sentiments would find an echo today. For one thing, the disabilities of being English — at a time when unemployment has topped the three-million mark — are more palpable than the advantages, whether the point of comparison is the contemporary present in continental Europe, or the British national past. The sense of personal worth where, under the harsh glare of cost-benefit analysis, or in the shadow of micro-chip technology, every occupation seems, actually or potentially, redundant, has never felt more in question. The idea of a distinctive national mission — and of the British as a chosen, or specially favoured race — has not survived the eclipse of British power, though on the Left there are still demands for Britain to give a 'moral lead' and on the Right a recurrent enthusiasm for national shows of strength.

Theatre audiences are no longer used to standing for the national anthem, let alone, as in 1931, to singing it. Royalty, which graced the stage at Drury Lane within a fortnight of *Cavalcade*'s opening, moving the author to tears and the audience to paroxysms of patriotic fervour — it was also the night on which the 'National' government won a landslide victory at the general election — may still command affection, but it is celebrated less for its majesty than for its adaptability.

The 'glamour of backwardness', in Tom Nairn's riveting phrase, seems less in evidence in the case of the current royal wedding than a more up-to-date — if no less deceptive — romance of family life. It seems expressive of this that the press should concentrate so exclusively on the more informal aspects of the coming occasion. It is now the domestic rather than the dynastic preoccupations of the monarchy which fascinate the public (or at any rate the female half of it), the personal rather than the political. Whereas George V was groomed for a sceptred part, the present Prince of Wales has associated himself with such more homely causes as community architecture and alternative medicine, or — to take an example from this week's newspapers — honouring his favourite Goon. Next week's wedding, it seems, is to be enacted in a similar spirit, playing down the mystique of monarchy rather than amplifying it.

Mary Evans Picture Library

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Kobal Collection (Daniel Day Lewis in My Beautiful Laundrette)

Britishness is (left) a civilised cup of tea or (above) punk looks, working for an Asian laundrette owner

The break-up of Britain may no longer be on the immediate political agenda, as it seemed to be when Tom Nairn published his book under that title in 1977, but the haemorrhage of industries and the run-down of regional economies has been continuous.

So has the very idea of the country as a social and political whole under the monarchy. Multinational companies shape the direction of the economy, supra-national authority determines 'defence'. Within the country, corporate loyalty and collective organisation of every kind betray increasing strain — in the schools, where children, in spite of the regulations, are no longer gathered together for morning assembly or prayer; in the once closed world of the BBC and the Civil Service, exposed to more or less continuous 'leaks'; even, latterly (with its increasingly well-publicised faction fights), in the Metropolitan Police and county constabularies.

So far from becoming 'homogenised', as was expected during the modernisations of the 1960s, the country seems increasingly fissiparous. Immigration and settlement have brought Third World communities into the heart of the major cities. The contrast between North and South has emerged as the major axis of political division, overlaying, or underpinning, those based on class. Feminism is potentially an even more subversive force, challenging or subverting patriarchal systems of authority of all kinds.

Minority identities seem everywhere more potent than majority ones and it is perhaps indicative of this that the most convincing engagement with contemporary British reality, taking us to the lower depths of 'enterprise' culture, while at the same time lyrically celebrating new life, comes from a South London Pakistani: *My Beautiful Laundrette*, a film script which in its use of family as a metaphor for the nation — as well as its wit — invites comparison with Noel Coward.

Yet the idea of 'nationality' remains deeply embedded in the political consciousness — and so does the myth of Britain as an ideal whole. Appeals to national regeneration — fantasies of national rebirth — are a stock-in-trade of Party and, as the Falklands War reminded us, they can mobilise deep-seated loyalties and simmering resentments of all kinds; while the sleeping images which spring to life in times of crisis — as in that most emotive of political rallying cries, 'never again' — serve as a reminder of the force of ancient trauma.

More people may be leaving the country than coming to settle in it (185,000 in 1983, against 53,460 immigrants), but it is remarkable how many, when faced with provocation, will express if not pride in being British then certainly a quiet pleasure in it, as in the love of familiar things.

The belief in the existence of distinct national virtues (e.g. 'fair play', 'tolerance', 'freedom to speak one's mind') and of a recognisable national behaviour — 'practical' where other people are doctrinaire, 'principled' where they are devious, 'moderate' where they are extreme — has remained surprisingly intact. Philosophers defend English common sense against the airy-fairy vapourings of the French. English teachers protect the integrity of the language against invading hordes of Americanisms. Architects make a well-publicised break with 'international style', eschewing glass and concrete in favour of honest English brick, championing a 'supremely illogical' but warm and homely vernacular tradition against the cosmopolitan symmetries of modernism.

The English garden, too — 'asymmetrical, informal, varied', with its winding paths in contrast to the precision of the French — is also thought to illustrate the distinctive beauties of the national character: liberty-loving and spontaneous where others are formal and stiff.

Stereotypes of the national character, often wildly at variance with each other, or combining antithetical qualities — e.g. 'prudence' and 'courage' — have existed in England from early times. In one of the earliest and most enduring generalisations, which dates back to, and is liberally amplified in, Sir John Fortescue's *Governance of England* (1476), the English were represented as a nation of meat-eaters — even, according to some, 'gluttons' — a people who lived plentifully while those across the Channel starved. In another favourite typification, brilliantly represented in Burton's *Anatomy* (1624), the English suffered from 'morbid melancholy', a hereditary malady which some attributed to the climate and some to the absence of milk. Suicide was thought of in the 18th century as *The English Disease*, the title of a medical treatise in 1736. (The writer, Dr Cheyne, attributed it to the 'Moisture' of the air, the 'Variableness' of the weather, the 'Rankness' of the soil, the 'Richness and Heaviness' of the food and, not least, 'the Inactivity and sedentary occupations of the better sort [among whom this Evil mostly rages]'.)

In early Victorian times, around the Great Exhibition of 1851, when there was a whole celebratory literature recording the triumphs of British manufacture — *The Busy Hives Around Us* is a representative title — the English were thought of as hyperactive, having 'more constitutional energy' than any other people in the world.

They owed their prosperity to their busyness. 'An Englishman', wrote the American essayist Emerson, 'labours three times as many hours in the course of the year . . . as any other European. Everything is at a quick pace'. The *Mechanics Magazine* in 1860 set out the record with pride:

> There is no doubt whatever that the people of England work harder, mentally and physically, than the people of any other country on the face of the earth. Whether we take the town or the country population, the same plodding industry is apparent, and the

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respites enjoyed by either in the shape of holidays are few and far between . . .

Later in the century, in the high noon of colonisation and imperial conquest, government — pro-consular government in particular — was thought of, or represented, as the highest expression of the national genius. The British were thought of as a master 'race' — a term much insisted on and the basis of a huge and bogus science. Pioneering on the frontiers of civilisations was the nation's historically-appointed task, one for which it was superbly equipped by its 'commercial instincts', its organisational flair, its 'superabundant' energy and, not least, 'invincible' confidence — the 'confident assumption of effortless superiority' in the pleasing self-image of those trained to rule British India.

After the First World War, the 'English spirit' was conceived of in altogether gentler ways, while recoil from the horror of the trenches encouraged an *anti-heroic* view of the past, as in Eileen Power's wistful *Medieval People* or that neglected classic of counter-imperialist historiography, *1066 and All That*. England was seen not as a beehive, nor as a land of mines and mills, but rather as a *garden*, inhabited not by an imperial race but, as Orwell put it in *The Lion and the Unicorn* and Noel Coward in *This Happy Breed*, a people of patient flower-growers.

The sense of moral superiority was hardly impaired, but it was transposed to an ineffable terrain. Britain's greatness rested not on its material achievements, a waning asset, nor on its imperial heritage, but on the amiability of the national character, the peaceable disposition of the inhabitants. In one favourite image the English were a race of lovable eccentrics — amateur detectives, like Robert Donat in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, who stumble on the truth; comic buffers, like Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford in *The Lady Vanishes*, who, when face to face with the foreigner, turn out to be crack shots. In another — the subject of middle-class weepies like *Goodbye Mr Chips*, or Warwick Deeping's *Sorrel and Son* — they are the officer class who have come down in the world but keep their peckers up.

These flattering stereotypes belong to the realm of the imaginary rather than the real. Not the least of their limitations is that the point of reference is insistently male. The 'nation of sportsmen', one may imagine, was exclusively inhabited by them and probably the 'nation of amateurs'. Leadership was their prerogative and so was 'muddling through'.

The figures of national myth are also typically male. The beefeater, an invention of the 1660s, is an obvious case in point; so is that slightly later addition to the national iconography, Jack Tar. By the same token, the 'Freeborn Englishman', that most enduring of radical flag-bearers, the defender of antique rights, was expected to display a masculine courage, while the caricatural figure of John Bull was a man girded up for a fight.

The practice of the national virtues, too, has typically been a male preserve, whether conceptualised in terms of stoicism, or of frankness and plain speech. In the immense gallery of moral exemplars whom Samuel Smiles gathered together for his volumes on *Self-Help, Industry and Invention, Character* and *Thrift*, there is hardly a single woman.

In their contribution to a new and valuable book (ed. Robert Colls and Phillip Dodd), *Englishness: Politics and Culture 1880-1920*, the authors of the chapter on the Englishwoman remark that her character traits were not perceived as being specifically English. 'Rather they were those qualities — essentially domestic — believed to be universal in Woman.' This is certainly true in the improvement manuals of mid-Victorian times, where women appear as the purifiers of the home, governing by goodness and affection.

The imperialist cult of motherhood, a creation of the Edwardian years, assigned a more national role to women. Inter-war ideas of Englishness, however, for all the rise of the companionate marriage, seem hardly less male than their predecessors: even the gardens, to follow Strube's well known 'little man', were tended by the father of the house, while the working-class 'decency', which Orwell constantly invokes in his *Road to Wigan Pier*, is a male decency, albeit that of a rather domesticated male, putting his feet up by the home fire, reading the Saturday evening paper and with a dog (rather than a wife) at his side.

With the possible exception of the free-born Englishman, a figure whom Mrs Thatcher has appropriated for her 'enterprise' culture, few of these character types seem to have much purchase on contemporary Britain. English 'reserve' is hardly exemplified on the picket lines, or by baton-swinging riot police, nor does the national genius for quiet find vocal expression in punk — one of our more interesting recent contributions to transnational music.

The character ideal of the 'gentleman', nurtured in all-male preserves and under the influence of the Victorian public school, seems to have exhausted its magnetic appeal; like the 'Oxford' voice with which it came to be associated in the 1920s, it has to compete in a babel of dissonant sounds.

At the other end of the social scale, the working man is increasingly deprived of dignity and respect, his skills devalued by new technologies. Even in the labour movement — *his* labour movement — he is increasingly without honour, 'white, male and middle-aged'. To the more anti-working-class feminists, as for their wine-bibbing male counterparts, he is an object of both social and sexual disgust, a singular inversion of that cross-class romance on which the Labour Party, and even to some extent the Communist Party, was built.

Old-fashioned notions of femininity seem to have survived more strongly than their male counterparts. The English Rose has been given a new lease of life by Princess Diana and Laura Ashley, though she has to compete with those more androgynous figures who issue from the unisex hair salons or appear in the pages of *The Face*. It would be interesting to know what would become of the public's enchantment with Princess Diana if, like the fast-talking heroines of *Letter to Brezhnev*, we were allowed to hear her speak.

The Joan Hunter Dunn of Betjeman's 'A Subaltern's Love Song' seems also to be ageless and, in the persona of Sarah Ferguson, Head Girl at her school, and as the official souvenir puts it 'remembered by her . . . friends as the organiser of jolly dormitory japes', she is scaling new heights. Above all, owing more to plebian than to patrician example, and drawing heavily on Christian iconography, there is the enduring figure of the good mother, one who, with the spread of single-parent families, and the de-centring of the husband on the home, seems likely to grow rather than diminish in stature.

There are Marxist reasons for supposing that, when new national identities crystallise, they may form around idealised notions of women rather than men. One could point to all those male arenas which are currently under threat — politics and power, work and wages — or to the secular decay of all-male forms of sociability; or to the feminisation of character ideals. On the other side of the gender divide one could refer to the growing inwardness of British life, to the home as a creator of style and, increasingly, as the locus of sociability and entertainment.

Here the current royal wedding, for all its apparent archaism, may, like its predecessor, be a portent of the shape of things to come. It is remarkable, even in the publicity issued by Buckingham Palace, how little attention is given to the royal princes and how much, both verbal and visual, to their consorts. When Edward VIII was Prince of Wales he could reasonably claim, like one of his paternal ancestors, to be the 'first gentleman' in Europe. He comported himself like a fashion plate, suave, elegant and a style setter (according to excited biographers, he lifted the taboo on brown shoes).

It is perhaps a sign of the degentrification of British society that, whatever the public's feeling about the royal princes no one is looking to them for cultural cues. As denizens of the House of Windsor they belong nowhere. It is their consorts who have a social face. □

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ART

In the blinking of a lens

Liz Heron

No Pasarán
Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, until 10 August

> *Guernica* is in no sense reportage; it is not a picture of some horror which Picasso has seen and been through himself. It is the picture of a horror reported in the newspapers, of which he has read accounts and perhaps seen photographs.
>
> This kind of second-hand experience, from the newspapers, the news-reel, the wireless, is one of the dominating realities of our time . . .

SINCE 1938, when Stephen Spender made these observations in a *New Statesman* article, the second-hand horrors have accumulated into a permanent spectacle. Devastated by the German Condor Legion the year before, Guernica was the first town in history to be destroyed by aerial bombing. As Spain was the theatre for rehearsing the technologies of Hitler's war machine, so its war was brought home to the world with the unprecedented immediacy of modern mass media techniques, intensifying the propaganda battle to an international pitch of emotion.

Other poets and writers besides Spender responded to the fact of the photographic image and its quality of freezing the intimacy of death and grief in the prolonged stare of the vicarious witness. C. Day Lewis's poem 'Newsreel' invoked the threat of what would be the Blitz in the celluloid shadows of the warplanes screaming over Spain; George Barker's 'Elegy on Spain' was written as a 'Dedication to the photograph of a child killed in an air raid on Barcelona'. New, lightweight cameras put photographers in the front-line for the first time, turning war correspondents into participant observers and heroes in their own right. That the documentary film *To Die in Madrid* was dedicated to the foreign journalists who took part in the battle for the city is a significant measure of their status.

It is this heroic aspect of the photographer's role that David Mellor tussles with in the catalogue of *No Pasarán*, an Arnolfini travelling exhibition of Spanish Civil War photographs and posters. He sees the civil war photo-reportage that reached mass readerships across the world as depending for its urgency and authenticity on the existential involvement of the photographer (and constituting photography's definitive break with the cool perceptions of modernism). The danger in what he calls 'the wager of the body' was a motif in photo-captions and picture story lay-outs as much as it was visible in the arresting instant of the front-line action photograph. Its reality is recapitulated by the subsequent deaths of those most closely associated with this supremely partisan photo-journalism: Robert Capa (in Indo-China), David Seymour (in Suez) and Capa's companion Gerda Taro, whom *Life* described as 'probably the first woman photographer ever to be killed in action' after she died in Spain.

Icon of heroism: POUM poster from *Images of the Spanish Civil War*

Like Capa's Republican soldier caught simultaneously by the fatal bullet and the camera (and now widely believed to have been posed) theirs were unquestionably the key images of the media war, yet the exhibition itself shares none of the catalogue's critical curiosity. Lifted from their original context in newspapers and picture magazines, the photographs of Capa, Taro and Seymour are shown together with pictures by the Spanish photographers Antonio Campana and Agustí Centelles, and the German partnership of Namuth and Reisner, as a series of single framed prints with minimal captions. While there's a concern to attribute authorship, the random sequence inhibits any perspective of comparison between the individual photographers.

There's a similar lack of serious attention to how the show's posters are exhibited, at odds with the illuminating catalogue essay by Carles Fontserè, who himself produced some of Barcelona's revolutionary poster art and worked as a propagandist throughout the war. These posters had their first exhibition at the Venice Bienale in 1976; Capa's and Taro's photographs were shown there too, with the purpose of placing their meanings in the context of contemporary press coverage.

What distinguishes the photographs of Capa and the other foreign photo-journalists is their iconic character. The clenched fists, the faces anxiously scanning the sky or contorted with grief, the body in combat, at the interface of death or victory, all occupy a continual present tense snatched from time; the meaning of lives is condensed in the drama of a decisive moment or a single gesture, held out as icon of heroism, suffering or revolutionary spirit. If these conditioned the contemporary imagination of the war, it is worth considering how much their urgency must have been itself conditioned by the Republic's desperate plight in the face of Axis disregard for the European non-intervention agreement, and Roosevelt's neutrality policy, that banned the sale of arms but left a loophole through which American business poured millions of tons of oil for Franco. Like Joris Ivens' film *Spanish Earth*, which, through the persuasive star presence of Hemingway as writer and narrator, set out to confront Roosevelt with proof of Axis involvement while showing the heroism of the Republic, these eloquent photo-journalistic dispatches aimed to convince the world.

But photographic archives have also disclosed many less dramatic visual records. As well as the mementos of comradeship in Spain brought back by thousands of International Brigaders and other volunteers, there is the work of Spanish photographers like Agustí Centelles, the only press photographer to record the events of Barcelona's July revolution in 1936. Here

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there are hints of what was being fought for, as Centelles' camera momentarily disrupts the hidden flow of an accelerated reality. His pictures have a narrative cogency; stray details compel reflection that is not circumscribed either by horror or heroism: the reserved half-smiles of an anarchist militiaman with his wife and their baby as they're detached from the blur of a moving crowd; the resolute, partially shadowed gaze of the Durruti Column fighters, solemn avenging angels of the working class; the utter weariness on the face of a woman at the Aragón front as she looks past her equally dishevelled comrades towards the camera.

A pair of Centelles' photographs shows contrasting voters in the February '36 elections: stiff-necked bourgeoisie and the open faces of women in the fishworkers' district of Barcelona. Women got the vote in 1933, we learn from a caption to one of these pictures in *Images of the Spanish Civil War* (Allen & Unwin, £14.95). This chronologically structured compilation of photographs, posters, cartoons and illustrations is careful not to leave images wordless and the flux of the war is succinctly outlined by Raymond Carr's introduction.

To look at the book for long becomes increasingly painful. Against the terrible closing images of broken and mutilated refugees heading for France, against the disillusionment that followed, the half-century of acrimony over the Republic's divisions that still smoulders on the Left, the awesome glamour of heroism that flickered across some of these photographs can only be tragedy now. An exultant boatload of American volunteers disembarking in a crush of hats, overcoats, clenched fists and smiles has a caption telling us over half were killed at the Jarama on their first day in battle. The photo-archives of war are filled with such shocking postscripts, but the sense of defeat here is incomparable, for no other war fought in living memory with such a conviction of justice and hope for a better world has been so conclusively lost, not only for the people of the Spanish Republic, but for an incalculable number of others. □

After Sheffield, No Pasarán goes to Dublin, Penzance and Exeter. Its catalogue costs £5.95.

TELEVISION

Oversell

Peter Hillmore

I NEVER REALISED how useful a toothache can be, how a dedicated television reviewer must never sleep. I'd just finished watching the Cricket on BBC (like snooker, it seems a game ideally suited for television and the slow-motion replays of strokes; perhaps it's because the grass is the same colour as the baize) and had meant to go to bed and read another chapter from a study of neo-colonialism and the social services in Trinidad — the reading list was supplied by the *NS* books and arts editor when I started the job. This was a bit unreasonable of her because I happen to know that the magazine's news editor has read and re-read all the works of Georgette Heyer.

But the toothache wouldn't let me, so I did the next best thing that she would have approved of: I watched the **Open University** on BBC2. I'd expected a black-and-white film with a bearded lecturer drawing graphs; I would go to sleep counting formulae. Instead I saw glamorous fashion models of both sexes prancing along a cat walk in the latest clothes. And I heard a lot about 'market segmentation'. I was riveted, but that isn't a compliment.

The programme was all about marketing and purported to tell the story of the setting up by the Burton group of a range of shops called 'Principles', from the conception to the creation. It was a big, no-holds-barred production, no expense account spared, with a commentary spoken by Fran Morrison. And, because the film was supposed to be educational rather than critical, the company was allowed to say what it wanted, without any questioning from the film makers. It could almost have been one of the BBC's favourite co-production deals, with the money coming from Burtons.

We even had the chairman, the newly knighted Sir Ralph Halpern, expounding the sweetest business philosophy: 'I believe that you can only succeed if you are prepared to give the customer first-class quality at a reasonable price.' This kind of platitude is only believable if you have the feeling that the film could also have got him to say (only, of course, if it were the case): 'My ambition is to foist cheap rubbish on the punters at the highest possible prices.'

But, in its way, the promotional film was riveting: I could well imagine hundreds of trainee accountants giving up their studies and planning a career in fashion, spending happy hours breaking down markets into segmentation. They would have been reassured that you don't need to be fashionable to work in fashion. I have never seen so many out-of-date clothes grouped round one table as the fashion buyers of Burton were wearing. There was so much Bri-nylon and polyester on the screen that I was frightened to turn the set off in case I got an electric shock from all the static. I think I'll write to Barry Took and complain that the traditional standards of impartiality and investigation were missing.

It wasn't just Fran Morrison who gushed. So, in a different way, did the unseen and unnamed narrator of Channel Four's **The Nuclear Gulag** and it was no less annoying to hear the terrible images we saw on the screen being lobotomised by the outrage of the narrator. As the hideous stories of Soviet prisoners being used to work on nuclear projects, with a painful death the inevitable outcome, were told, and as we watched grainy, snatched film of wretched bodies struggling across the snowy wastes, the shock would have been even greater with a dispassionate commentary. Instead we got a shrill voice asking 'what kind of people could do such a thing', like an outraged preacher instead of a professional interviewer. It was the same on another Channel Four film, **How to Be Celtic**. The film of the way the Bretons were treated after the war was terrible; but, just as I was getting angry on the sofa, the narrator, talking about the official attempts to crush the use of the Breton language, suddenly spoke of 'literary genocide'. It seemed such an inappropriate word to use about the sufferings of a language, when you consider what 'genocide' has come to mean to us, that I once again lost patience and, therefore, sympathy. □

ART

Critic's dream

John Spurling

It's time to re-think the use of space at the Hayward, as L'Amour Fou: Photography and Surrealism *and* Dreams of a Summer Night *make clear*

I FEEL ABOUT the Surrealists what many feel about the Bloomsberries, that, if they hadn't been invented, they need never have existed. However, there's no doubt that several nests of specialists would be lost without them — just as with the Bloomsberries, their personal and ideological in-fighting to some extent disguises the immaturity and ephemerality of their work and gives plenty of opportunity for academic dissertation.

It is no accident that the most substantial element of the exhibition of their photography which has arrived at the Hayward via Washington, San Francisco and Paris is the accompanying book *L'Amour Fou* (Abbeville Press, £13). The photographs themselves, by such as Brassai and Kertész in their surrealist phase as well as by what one might call primary surrealists (Man Ray, Hans Bellmer, Dali, etc.) are mainly concerned with visual jokes or semi-pornography or both, but the essays by various female critics and art-historians contrive to raise all this male peacockery to a level of pompous self-importance which would be comic if it were not so lugubriously earnest.

The exhibition is on the top floor of the Hayward, a filler to the main exhibition downstairs, and raises again the question of whether the Arts Council is making the best use of this gallery. Down in the depths, out of the public domain, the Hayward stores the Arts Council's own magnificent collection of British post-war art, which is used for travelling exhibitions but never visible as a whole and seldom even in selection. There is, indeed, nowhere in London, Britain or the world where you can regularly see a proper selection of British post-war art and this no doubt accounts for the fact that most people, even in this country, have no idea of its scope and quality. ▷

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At the same time, the Hayward itself has always suffered from a lack of identity. It is not in any case a pleasant or welcoming place, but it is made worse by its atmosphere of internal desolation. It is the Earl's Court or Olympia of the South Bank. Why shouldn't the Arts Council use that top floor as a permanent place to show its own collection, the selection changing from time to time as individual items were required for tours elsewhere, but the basic purpose remaining constant: to provide a steady view of recent British art.

The result would be a new sense of identity for the Hayward itself, but, more importantly, a recognition of what has been the most fertile, adventurous and multifarious period of art in our history. The main downstairs galleries could, of course, go on being used for major temporary and visiting exhibitions, while the Hayward Annual, which has never quite found a formula or a role, would gain from being seen in context, the sharp end, as it were, of the resident display upstairs. Finally, the competition offered south of the river might even be beneficial to the Tate, persuading it to consider more carefully what it bought and why, freeing it a little from its craven subjection to instant international fashions by supplying a ready reminder of what a good contemporary collection looks like.

Detail from L. A. Ring's 'The Artist's Wife' (1897) from *Dreams of a Summer Night*

Dreams of a Summer Night is an entrancing and surprising show, with an indispensable and comprehensively illustrated catalogue. You've heard of Munch and Strindberg (though perhaps not in this context) and you may just have heard of Anders Zorn, Carl Larssen and Laurits Andersen Ring, but what of Halfdan Egedius, Prince Eugen, Viggo Johansen, Kitty Kielland, Theodor Kittelsen, Bruno Liljefors, Ejnar Nielsen, Eilif Peterssen, Harald Sohlberg, Ellen Thesleff and Erik Werenskiold? These are the pick of 38 Scandinavians, painting in the 1890s, whose work can be associated with the various Realist, Nationalist and Symbolist trends of the period in the rest of Europe but adds up, as seen together in this careful selection of some 120 items, to a distinct and powerful vision.

Perhaps because their homelands were more remote and their climates more severe, they succeeded in blending the three trends more convincingly than most other Europeans. Certainly, with the exception of Munch, they are most successful when the exactness of the detail, the peculiar nature of the northern light and an elusive charge of meaning, spirituality, emotion are most inseparable. Munch can handle exaggeration and heavy symbolism — as in the superb *Moonlight* which greets you as you enter the show — but Strindberg only looks amateur and derivative from Turner, while those who are tempted too far towards trolls and sagas come as unstuck as Ibsen did in the same direction. The Norwegian Theodor Kittelsen succeeds with a horrific series of drawings on the subject of the Black Death; otherwise it is the still, flat, luminous landscapes and brooding, deeply-studied portraits that make the exhibition a revelation not only of Scandinavian art but of the best qualities of Realism, which was so swiftly discarded at the beginning of this century and has had such a bad name ever since. □

CINEMA

Mashed bananas

Adam Mars-Jones

Hannah and her Sisters (15)
Odeon Leicester Square

WITH HIS NEW film *Hannah and her Sisters* Woody Allen returns, after a five-year sabbatical spent making endearing but skinny films of fantasy and nostalgia (*Zelig, Broadway Danny Rose* and others), to the terrain he staked out in the late 1970s: the emotional lives of affluent New Yorkers. Critics and audiences who like to see filmmakers' careers developing logically are invited to detect in the new film a breakthrough of the order of *Annie Hall*. All the old virtues, and a new depth.

It doesn't quite work out that way. *Hannah and her Sisters* uses some formal devices — section titles like chapter-headings, with solemn final full stops (even, once, a quotation from Tolstoy) — and familiar structures, like the three set-piece Thanksgiving dinners; but it's short on unity of tone, or even tonal risks knowingly taken. The first few scenes are done with different voice-overs, as if Allen were aiming for a symphonic balance. The the strands unravel. *Manhattan*, with its coherent Gershwin soundtrack and its stylised black-and-white photography, was far the smoother confection.

One strand of *Hannah and her Sisters* is of romantic seriousness, featuring Michael Caine as Elliot, married to Hannah (Mia Farrow) but in love with her sister Lee (Barbara Hershey). The other is of manic-depressive black comedy, as Mickey (Woody Allen), Hannah's ex-husband and a lifelong hypochondriac, faces the possibility that there really is something wrong with him this time, to wit a brain tumour.

Both strands are missing something. There are any number of eloquent show-tunes on the soundtrack of the Elliot sequences — 'Bewitched' and 'You Made Me Love You' in particular are done to death; it's as if the soundtrack were in italics — but the writing of the central romance is both conventional and uncertain. People say things like, 'You've ruined me for everyone else,' or 'I don't even know what I want,' or 'I can't fathom my own heart'; they hiss, *'Have you been kissed tonight?'*

Woody Allen's great daring in *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan* lay in his assumption of the romantic lead as well as the showstopping comic routine. Just because he was Jerry Lewis didn't mean he wasn't Dean Martin. He could be his own sidekick. How odd, then, that he should yield the romantic lead to Michael Caine, a man several years older and with his own stolid disqualifications for the role. Allen's real breakthrough film will be one where he yields space to a younger man. Is it a Freudian slip that Sam Waterston's name is omitted from the credits, in spite of his playing a significant small part?

In spite of all efforts, the two strands, Elliot's and Mickey's, fail to work as counterpoint; late on in the film, an attempt is made to knit them more closely together.

But it's as if Allen has to learn all over again how to integrate comic business into serious situations. Already in a flashback we have seen him react with wisecracks in a broadly-written scene that begs to be treated more seriously, when, as Hannah's husband, he learns that he is sterile. Hannah suggests he has destroyed his fertility with masturbation and he quips back, 'Don't knock my hobbies.' Now he meets Hannah's other sister Holly (Dianne Wiest) by chance, and they strike up a promising conversation. Holly has written a script she thinks might work on TV; Mickey was until recently a producer and agrees to listen to her reading it.

He is bowled over by the script, but everything he says about it makes it seem more absurd; he particularly likes the scene, for instance (which we recognise as the crudest possible wish-fulfilment on Holly's part), where the architect's crazy ex-wife leaps out of the bushes and stabs him.

This is only the grinding of gears as the film goes into reverse and rehabilitates Woody Allen as the romantic lead all over again, changing tactics without admitting to deadlock. Elliot's obsession with Lee fades into the background, while Mickey sheds all his flakiness, becoming a plausible husband for Holly, who also straightens out her act. Her writing develops at huge speed until everyone salutes her skillful dialogue and, in the last scene of the film, she tells Mickey, who is delighted rather than surprised, that she is pregnant. Technically this is the same Mickey who was sterile earlier in the film, but his semen count seems to have risen spontaneously as his creator moved him into the centre of this enjoyable, well-played and undoubtedly unsatisfactory movie.

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Healing art

Naseem Khan

IT WAS ORLANDO the Marmalade Cat who did it best of all. 'WISH TO BUY HOSPITAL NO DOUBT VERY EXPENSIVE PLEASE SEND LOTS OF MONEY AT ONCE. ORLANDO', he telegrammed tersely to the ever-unseen Master. Suitably provided, Orlando bought a familiar, old-style hospital and promptly instituted changes: waterfalls and fountains in the wards; plants and shrubs; clowns and music and live entertainment; and each treatment, Wendy Savage-like, tailored to its recipient's personality.

St Mary's on the Isle of Wight might not do quite as well as Orlando, but there's every sign that it's taken on board the essence of his philosophy: that hospitals should treat the whole person, body and spirit.

St Mary's Phase III, to give it its full name, is not only the first low-energy hospital in the world, but the first to be built with arts involvement from the very first day of planning. Today, with the new hospital rising slowly on the hills outside Newport, the arts administrator's job has just run its first year and I had intended to write a birthday piece. After all, there's much to celebrate. The designs and model in the office of the architects (Ahrends, Burton, Koralek) are gorgeous. The hospital buildings are low and pleasant, incorporating water gardens, sculpture court and innumerable points identified by the architects as possible places for textiles or mobiles, mosaics, murals, paintings.

But, as St Mary's, Isle of Wight, rises from the drawing board, the unit which, more than anything, gave birth to its basic ideas is in jeopardy. The members of Peter Senior's art team at St Mary's Hospital, Manchester, have been put on six-month contracts. No one knows what the position will be at the end of September, when these expire, but the auguries are not good.

St Mary's is where the hospital arts movement effectively began: tentatively at first, with painter Peter Senior hanging some of his paintings up, then talking to staff and patients about their responses and taking his cue from them. Today, 11 years on, it has a multi-disciplinary arts team of 12, deals with all the constituent parts of the regional health authority and is consulted by potential imitators from all over the world.

The nub, of course, is finance. The Manchester Hospital Arts Project had six years of substantial Urban Programme money that came to its natural end last March. Although, with much ingenuity, it managed to find alternative funding for part of the vital sum, it hasn't been able to cover itself and is, anyhow, already concerned with the *next* financial year. Will it have to totter on, shrinking smaller and smaller? As other hospitals, increasingly, pick up the Project's ideas, will it itself be forced out of existence?

Inevitably there will be many to whom 'art on the National Health' seems loony and inappropriate (although both St Marys have rejected funding that could have been used to more directly medical ends), but a day spent in St Mary's, Manchester, would be enough to make supporters out of cynics. It's not (unlike the Isle of Wight) a beautiful hospital: it's your average grot, gloomy Gothic core, dingy cream corridors linked to more recent sections.

Photographs of the arts team's 'interventions' tend to place that context in the background, but it gives the work an extra resonance. A grey playground suddenly erupts into a maze of colour, with rocking zebras and a kaleidoscopic playhouse for children. Pictures line cheerless corridors; over others arch multicoloured borders. The physiotherapy gym has a mural of fantastic acrobats. Signs have been transformed into life-size, wooden, human-shaped cut-outs. Delightful though these all are, however, they are only part of the story. The team are not interior decorators, surreptitiously slapping works of art over architectural eyesores. Most of the work is done in response to requests. A unit might want a special noticeboard, or a design for a shop. The team then works with it on designs which, in turn, will frequently be transformed into reality by patients. Increasingly the team is concentrating on long-stay patients and a range of work bears witness to the relationship's development. 'Head for the Hills', the larger mural to be unveiled in the department of psychiatry on 6 August, is the latest.

The mural is the result of a long project. As a first step, artist Langley Brown took a group of patients from the unit to visit the Derbyshire hills. They all brought back sketches and photographs which they worked up into a painting. The mural that's derived from it has been contributed to by 50 people (arts team, patients, staff). It's a big, swirling, energetic piece, in greens and browns and yellows, that covers a section of wall from floor to ceiling. On one side of the picture is the contorted life of the city; on the other, the rural haven of the hills. Between them, flying serenely over the landscape, is the unit's red minibus. It is a buoyant, cheerful piece, with more behind it than meets the eye — and it is those invisible assets that the team and staff alike feel are even more important than the final product. They include combatting powerlessness, building dignity and communicating a sense of life and joy: all strengths that complement the medical healing process of the hospital.

The arts team at the new St Mary's will have no eyesores to work their way round. But what Manchester has managed to do with the warts it inherited is instructive. Orlando would certainly approve. □

THEATRE

Amazons

Benedict Nightingale

The Rover
APHRA BEHN *Swan, Stratford*
A Midsummer Night's Dream
SHAKESPEARE *Shakespeare Memorial Theatre*

'ALL WOMEN TOGETHER ought to let flowers fall on the tomb of Aphra Behn, for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds.' So rhapsodised Virginia Woolf, perhaps a bit less plausibly than she would have wished. After all, it wasn't until the late Seventies that women playwrights began confidently and in numbers to re-enter the theatrical sanctum whose portals Mrs Behn had penetrated three centuries before; and even today there aren't many who speak their minds as robustly as she, in any literary form.

Partly that's because she was of her period, and that was the period of Sedley and Rochester. **The Rover**, though purportedly set in Spanish territory during the Commonwealth era, plunges us into a bawdy, gaudy, post-Restoration world, where the unprincipled pursuit of female flesh is, along with drinking and fighting, the prime concern of a gentleman. Professional whores are all around, flaunting their availability and price, and an unprotected woman is liable to find herself treated with little more respect. What is the reaction of the principals, among them her own brother, when the disguised heroine seeks sanctuary in one's house? 'We'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.'

Those who expect Behn to respond to such conduct with moral rancour are mistaking their woman. Yet something is different, markedly different, from the run of Restoration comedies; and that 'something' has everything to do with the playwright's gender. *The Rover* may be a standard tale of amorous intrigue — masks, disguises and, at the centre of the comic camouflage, a soldier yearning for the beauteous Florinda, promised by her possessive brother to another — but it is seen and told primarily from the stance of the women involved. And right from the start, when the heroine and her two sisters surreptitiously leave their domestic prison to go on sexual safari in carnival country, it's evident that some of those women are pretty bold, determined people.

Take Hellena, the sprightliest of these manhunters and played at Stratford with verve and charm by the season's major discovery, Imogen Stubbs. She fancies the roving cavalier of the title largely because she identifies with his skittishness and irresponsibility; she persistently takes the sexual initiative with him; and she claims more or less the same freedom he takes for granted. 'Well, I see our business as well as our humours are alike,' she concludes, 'yours to cozen as many maids as will trust you, and I as many men as I have faith.' Theirs is less a tale of boy-gets-girl than

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girl-grabs-boy: the affectionate pairing, on the woman's terms, of two amiably amoral spirits.

Not that Behn fails to recognise that her world is ultimately controlled by men. Hellena herself waxes articulate about her brother's period assumption that Florinda, so far from pursuing personal preference, should become the property of a husband who 'sighs a belch or two, stales in your pot, farts loud as a musket, throws himself into bed, and expects you in his foul sheets'. Even the whores have voices worth hearing. The most expensive of them, Angellica Bianca, is the only character privileged to speak, not in colloquial prose, but in dignified pentameters; and she's some serious points to make, not least about double sexual standards. 'Who made the laws by which you judge me?' she asks Willmore, the feckless and lustful 'rover', 'Men! Men who would rove and ramble, but require that women must be nice.'

Actually, she becomes almost too serious for the play, falling authentically in love with Willmore and seething and pining at her inevitable rejection in Hellena's favour; and Sinead Cusack, who performs the part, deserves credit both for sustaining emotional honesty and for keeping it within the bounds of the comic. But then everyone involved has done well by Behn: Jeremy Irons, a blend of buccaneer and prototypical pop star, grinning and swaggering through the role of Willmore himself; David Troughton, Hugh Quarshie, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nathaniel Parker; and the director, John Barton, even though (or perhaps *because*) he has trimmed and tidied the original text.

What they collectively show is that our first woman playwright, unoriginal though her raw material and unremarkable though her powers of plotting might be, was a fine entertainer with a personality all her own. 'Thou hast one virtue I adore,' says Willmore to Hellena, as they prepare to leap into what promises to be a lively marriage, 'Good nature'. He could have been speaking of their joint author.

By now we've seen Hippolyta and Theseus double as Titania and Oberon again and again. The inference usually is that the Queen of the Amazons and her conqueror are suffering from pre-nuptial nerves, which they purge through a sort of lucid dream. But not until Bill Alexander's revival of **The Dream** had I seen Hippolyta, and only she, transferring her sleeping imagination to fairyland; and the idea doesn't seem to me altogether apt. We're asked to believe that the experience of being punished, humiliated, forced by her husband to commit bestiality with a man-ass, would convert the actress playing the part, Janet McTeer, from the profoundest of gloom to apparent content: from a pale, moping beauty swathed in black to a smiling lady in shimmering white. There's nothing in Amazonian lore to suggest their monarchs were so masochistic.

Actually McTeer, Richard Easton's Theseus and Gerard Murphy's Oberon are among the few to emerge heads high from a production mainly memorable for William Dudley's exotic fairyland: vast leaves, a giant spider's web, pretty baubles. The lovers are shrill and monotonous, the mechanicals unfunny. Behn is a better bet, any evening. □

Count Basie with his band's first vocalist: Billie Holliday

Old men of the blues

Charles Fox

Good Morning Blues
COUNT BASIE *Heinemann* £14.95
A Life In Jazz
DANNY BARKER *Macmillan* £15

NO TWO MEN can have reacted more differently to interviewers than the authors of these autobiographies. Count Basie, encountered in London hotel rooms, would be amiable but indolent, resisting attempts to cajole him into chatting about old triumphs. At his clapboard house in New Orleans, surrounded by bulging packets of cuttings and photos, Danny Barker remains energetic, unstoppable, an avid propagandist for the music with which he grew up.

Basie was palpably the more successful of the pair, a pianist and bandleader who became a household name. Barker played his banjo or guitar in the rhythm section of bands both obscure and famous — and still continues to gig around New Orleans. But only the knowledgeable realise who he is and are aware of his contribution to classic sessions.

When it comes to recollecting the past, however, Barker remembers vividly, while Basie is vague about almost everything, including such seemingly vital matters as where he first heard Lester Young. His co-writer, Albert Murray, nudges constantly and has obviously assembled much of the background detail. Yet the flavour of Basie himself, his sense of impish glee and of wide-eyed delight, dominates at least the first half of *Good Morning Blues*.

That is where Basie tells of growing up in New Jersey, of mixing with the Harlem 'stride' pianists — Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Willie 'The Lion' Smith — and of touring the vaudeville circuits, playing alongside dance teams (he first met Katie, later to be his wife, when she was one of the three Snakehips Queens) and comedians like Pigmeat Markham ('I'm Sweet Papa Pigmeat. I got the Jordan River in my hips, and all the women is raving to be baptized!'). In those days Basie was, he insists, still thinking of himself as very much an entertainer. He seems to have woken up to the power and fascination of out-and-out jazz in Tulsa, Oklahoma, one midsummer morning in 1927 when he was awakened by Walter Page's Blue Devils ('The greatest thing I had heard in my life'). That revelation was compounded when he first strolled along 18th Street in Kansas City and became aware of the incessant musical life going on there.

Nowhere in the book is there any mention of Tom Prendergast, who, for half the 1920s and most of the 1930s, was the city boss (one of his protegés, Harry S. Truman, was to become a future President) and whose corrupt regime kept Kansas City's bars, clubs and gambling dens open almost around the clock. Basie credits one of the leaders he worked for then, Bennie Moten, as having 'big-time connections and political pull'; otherwise, the economic climate is totally ignored. Not even the Depression contrives to get a look-in.

Touring in the South brought racial problems but Basie never seems to have allowed those to faze him either. Danny Barker, on the other hand, was brought up close to Southern attitudes: 'Chicago was considered to be the safest place near New Orleans . . . Any Negro who journeyed across

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the state border and entered the hell-hole called the State of Mississippi, other than to attend the funeral of a very close relative, was well on the way to losing his mentality.' Later on he came to prefer what went on in the South ('Southern Whites have ways to save a colored person the embarrassment of being refused entrance and service') to the brutal and more hypocritical nastiness of racism in the East, North and West.

Poverty never seems to have been a problem for either musician, although Basie was constantly finding himself stranded, first on the vaudeville circuits, later with Bennie Moten. Both have good memories for food consumed and, in Basie's case, for clothing worn. Basie waxes particularly nostalgic about a pongee suit: 'You could roll the whole thing up and put it in your pocket.' Both men had trouble with recording contracts. Basie, temporarily out of John Hammond's sight, signed to make 12 records a year for $750 outright, with no royalties; Barker arranged a series of recordings by his wife, the blues singer Blue Lu Barker, only to discover that 50 per cent of the royalties were going into the pocket of the A&R man in charge of what were then called 'race records'.

Yet good times prevail throughout both books. There is even a moment of overlapping. Barker recalls how, when he was with Lucky Millinder's Blue Rhythm Band, they 'battled' with the up-and-coming Basie orchestra at the Armory in Baltimore, eventually 'cutting' them. Basie, normally a generous soul, claims that *his* men snatched a narrow victory. Soon afterwards, of course, Barker was to spend eight very relaxed years in Cab Calloway's Orchestra, the highest-paid of all the Black bands. It was also a period when he contrived to record — separately, of course — with both Mezz Mezzrow and Charlie Parker.

Just as Basie's early recollections are the most rewarding, so it is with the chapters that Danny Barker devotes to music and life in New Orleans just before and during the 1920s. (More is to come: a future volume, *Buddy Bolden and the Last Days of Storyville*, will present historical material that Barker has collected.) He ran a 'Spasm' band that played on street corners: the collection was taken in a tambourine, because people liked to hear their money make the jingles ring. Elaborate funeral processions were everyday affairs, complete with a brass band and, if the bereaved were prepared to stump up an extra $15 or $20, horses draped in lace coverings, 'white for a child, black for an adult'. The sermon preached at the burial of 'Sweetie Pie' Green, a notorious high-flier, is a set-piece in itself.

Most remarkable of all, however, is a visit that Barker, still in his teens, paid to Crystal Springs, Mississippi. The anecdote gets more complicted the more it unfolds, like a story by Eudora Welty or one of the other good Southern writers, but it has him playing the banjo for an aged white man, the owner of a kennel where bloodhounds are being trained to savage dummies dressed in convict uniforms. 'We keep them lean, sparse and half-hungry,' the man explains. 'Soon as Pappy gits a call that there's a jail-break we load the truck with these dawgs and speed to the penitentiary.' □

Remember with advantages

David Gilmour

Voices from the Spanish Civil War
ed. IAN MACDOUGALL *Polygon* £9.95
The Shallow Grave
WALTER GREGORY *Gollancz* £10.95
Collected Writings
JOHN CORNFORD *Carcanet* £5.95
Cockburn in Spain
ed. JAMES PETTIFER *Lawrence and Wishart* £4.95
The Civil War in Spain
RAYMOND CARR *Weidenfeld* £6.95
The Spanish Civil War
PAUL PRESTON *Weidenfeld* £10.95

IT IS RARE to find nostalgia for the Spanish civil war among Spaniards, perhaps because there is widespread realisation that the issues were not so clear as they seemed at the time, just as there is reluctant admission that all parties committed mistakes and atrocities.

The Communists are haunted by their behaviour of 50 years ago (and have been electorally punished for it); the Socialists, remembering how their irresponsibility encouraged the generals' rebellion, have become the tamest of social democrats; the moderate conservatives, no doubt recalling that their predecessors had been a good deal less moderate in the Thirties, seldom refer to the civil war at all. Only the extreme Right seems unrepentant, hankering after old battles and occasionally hoping to refight them. As Raymond Carr notes, 'Only the minds of ageing nostalgic reactionaries and romantic revolutionaries are haunted by the division between *vencidos* (the conquered) and *vencedores* (the conquerors).'

But this is evidently not the case in Britain where nostalgia for the conflict, at any rate on the Left, is considerable. All these books are written by Republican sympathisers and only one (Carr's) makes a serious attempt to understand the position of the other side. Four of them are written (or in one case spoken) by members of the Communist Party and the International Brigades and a fifth (Preston's) is dedicated to the brigaders 'who fought and died fighting fascism in Spain'.

Voices from the Spanish Civil War and **The Shallow Grave** are evidence of the perennial appeal of the International Brigades. The first consists of the oral recollections of 20 survivors, nearly all of them Communists, who left Scotland to fight in Spain. It is an impressive and powerful volume, a tribute to the courage and political commitment of working-class men who made enormous sacrifices for what they saw as a great cause. Walter Gregory's book, the memoir of a Midlands volunteer, tells a similar story of the horrors of Jarama, Brunete and the desperate retreat along the Ebro. Without ranting about fascism or the dictatorship of the proletariat, he gives a readable and moving account of why he went to Spain and what he did when he got there.

These books remind us that intellectual volunteers, although they achieved prominence through their writings, played a very minor role in the International Brigades. One of the most idolised of them was John Cornford, the poet killed in action near Córdoba on his 21st birthday. Cornford was a highly intelligent and a promising writer, but it is doubtful whether his teenage writings are worth re-publishing. He was a dogmatic, obsessive communist ('Communism was my waking time', as he wrote in one of his poems from Spain) and the **Collected Writings** include a lot of boring stuff on 'Art and the Class-Struggle' and 'What Communism stand for'. Apart from his poems, the best pieces are his letters from Madrid and Aragon.

Equally dogmatic — and even less deserving of re-publication — are Claud Cockburn's civil war despatches for the *Daily Worker*, now published as **Cockburn in Spain**. At the time, Orwell warned a friend not to believe a word of them and it is difficult to understand why we should be expected to do so now. In an introduction James Pettifer describes Cockburn as 'a great reporter' but ignores his role as a great propagandist. The allegation that Cockburn invented material is mentioned but then dismissed as unimportant. If 'he was sometimes guilty of over-optimism', so were 'most other correspondents there': 'almost all writers, on both sides, confused hope with reality.'

This is a wholly inadequate comment on a journalist whose political commitment led him to fantastic distortions of events. The case of the fabricated uprising in Tetuan is notorious. So is his version of the Barcelona fighting in May 1937. On the second occasion Cockburn wrote outrageous articles about the POUM (Workers' Party of Marxist Unity), accusing its members of being 'fascist conspirators' co-operating with Franco's agents to provoke a German-Italian landing in Catalonia. These ridiculous charges, which extended to 'deluded persons in the anarchist organisations', were written to deceive the British Left about the Communist Party's treatment of its Republican allies. And they did. When Orwell tried to refute them, his articles were rejected by the *New Statesman* and his book was turned down by Gollancz.

Pettifer claims that impartial war reporting is 'an impossible ideal, an empty liberal fiction', and he may have a point. It may also be understandable that a man should lie for a good cause. But granted all that, what possible value could these articles have now? If they are intended merely as historical documents, they should have been presented as such with an introduction warning readers of the author's distortions.

Raymond Carr and Paul Preston are two of the leading British historians of modern Spain and have written extensively on the Second Republic and the civil war. **The Civil War in Spain**, first published in 1977 as *The Spanish Tragedy*, remains one of the best and clearest works on the subject and it is good to see it at last in paperback. (As the author has left the text unaltered — except for the addition of a

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new postscript — the publisher's decision to give the book a new title is surely unjustified.)

Paul Preston's **The Spanish Civil War** is a short history of the conflict, copiously illustrated and aiming towards the coffee table. For someone of his knowledge and ability, it is obviously a bit of a pot-boiler, published to take advantage of the civil war's 50th anniversary. He admits candidly in the introduction that 'it is not a book which sets out to find a perfect balance between both sides' and, indeed, his commitment to the Republican side is well-known. He understands the Republicans and writes well about them, discussing their differences and explaining why executions and massacres took place in their zone. But nationalist violence is treated differently, as if it were something inherent and incomprehensible, an irrational trail of 'vicious terror' and 'barbaric excesses'. Nevertheless, Professor Preston is right to make a distinction between the terror on both sides, at least during the early months of the conflict: 'the republican atrocities tended to be the work of uncontrollable elements at a time when the forces of order had rebelled, while those committed by the nationalists were officially condoned by those who claimed to be fighting in the name of Christian civilisation'. Later in the war, Republican terror was also condoned, notably by the Communist Party, although in scale it did not approach the repression on the other side.

David Gilmour's The Transformation of Spain: From Franco to the Constitutional Monarchy *has just been published in paperback by Quartet.*

HORROR

Living hell

Kim Newman

ACCORDING TO Stephen King, 'the future of horror is Clive Barker'. The latest step in this young British writer's consolidation of his position in the genre is the republication, in hardback with evocative cover art by the author himself, of the second three volumes of **Books of Blood** (Weidenfeld, £8.95 each).

This reversal of the usual process — later editions having more literal and metaphorical weight than ephemeral originals — parallels Barker's emergence from the ghetto of paperback horror. He can afford to have the mandatory recommendation from Stephen King discreetly on the flyleaf, rather than blatantly on the cover. He can, in his final story, bid a kind of adieu to the up-market splatter that has made his name and promise to expand in other directions. The monster is getting perilously close to respectability.

On first aquaintance, this second batch of *contes cruels* does seem less directly offensive than the fistful of shockers in the first three volumes. With the attention-grabbing debut tales out of the way, Barker can afford to experiment with a more literary style. Semi-colons have crept in, paragraphs have grown and the stories are more elaborately plotted. But the nastiness hasn't gone; there are still repulsive demons, flesh-twisting monstrosities, crawling severed hands, disgustingly purposeful diseases and obscene elder Gods in the Lovecraft tradition. Barker has never been content simply to scare his readers; in these books, the fright quotient is almost completely irrelevant to the effects he is after.

Having burrowed his way into the genre with his first books, Barker is now eating away at it, *transforming* it from within. There are filler stories, semi-comic misfires and a few repetitions in volumes IV-VI, but they are outweighed two to one by unhealthy triumphs — 'The Age of Desire', 'Madonna', 'In the Flesh' — which either tread new ground or seed the old with spores that germinate into mutant blossoms. With Ramsey Campbell increasingly proving himself Britain's leading horror novelist, Barker has single-handedly demonstrated the potency and marketability of the horror story collection as an art form.

One of the first to benefit from this opening up of the genre is the British-resident American writer Lisa Tuttle, whose **A Nest of Nightmares** (Sphere, £2.50) comes from the publisher that launched Barker in the first place. By comparison, she is almost a traditionalist, a writer of ghost stories, albeit after the manner of Henry rather than M.R. James. Although this collection assembles stories written and published over the course of a decade, there is a far greater coherence of theme and effect than in the more eclectic range of Barker's pieces, which were composed as a single entity.

Tuttle's territory is the horror that nestles within day-to-day relationships. In her most characteristic stories, parents, children, lovers, siblings or friends turn nastily on each other, perhaps spurred by supernatural influences, perhaps by a malice inextricably bound up with love. Images of fractured domesticity, of families in ruins, predominate, as do displaced, put-upon, ambiguously troubled female protagonists. She can be darkly funny, as in the nursery story 'Dollburger', or compete with Barker in the field of all-out monstrousness, as in 'Bug House' and 'Sun City', but mostly she deals in subtle, rarely physical persecutions. In 'A Friend in Need' and 'Stranger in the House', she gets into the psyche of such childhood myths as the imaginary friend and the bogey man under the bed, demonstrating how they can linger dangerously in adult minds. In 'The Horse Lord' and 'The Other Mother', she concentrates on the threats posed by children to parents and vice versa. And, in 'Flying to Byzantium', she expounds on the fragility of adult personality. Tuttle's characters are forever in danger of being dragged back to their adolescent or pre-adolescent state of powerlessness and awkwardness.

A feminist writer who has few illusions about universal sisterhood, Tuttle is less fanciful than Barker and more deeply unsettling. The frisson, here, arises from one's recognition of the real horror that underlies the made-up supernatural content of her work. Much the same applies to the imaginary creature who appears to the hero of J.P. Miller's **The Skook** (Arrow, £3.50) when he is trapped beyond hope of rescue in the most inhospitable of those little pockets of prehistory that sometimes turn up in fantasy novels. Unsuccessful businessman Span Barrman is chased by a gang of diabolist bikers into an unknown cavern, in which he is buried by an explosion. He finds an underground sea stocked with coelocanths and larger, more dangerous living fossils, and contemplates suicide. But he is visited by The Skook, the creature he has invented for the entertainment of his ungrateful and uninterested children, who maddeningly refuses to help or hinder him in his plight, but whose existence — or lack of existence — becomes the novel's central feature.

The Skook cannot easily be categorised as fantasy, horror or realistic adventure, and it's certainly not as twee as its packaging seems to suggest. While Barker and Tuttle show how the horror genre can be expanded into areas usually deemed the province of mainstream fiction, Miller (who is best known as the author of *Days of Wine and Roses*, a chronicle of alcoholism and urban angst) imports elements from melodramatic horror (the Manson clone bikers), childish fantasy (the benevolent but merciless Skook) and hard sf (the convincing lost world) into a book that is essentially about the Hemingwayesque need to opt out of placid, job-of-work normality into a world of danger and adventure.

Together, the three writers show yet again that the horror genre should not be represented solely by the read-alike bestsellers or the lurid paperback abominations in which

'INSPIRED BY HATE'

says the *Observer* of Yves Navarre's *Cronus' Children* (cloth £11.95), Prix Goncourt winner, adding 'it is an indictment of the bourgeoisie so scathing that it might even knock the wind out of Flaubert'. Navarre's blockbuster concerns a single-minded father who will even go so far as to lobotomize his youngest son to hide his homosexuality. In *The Baring Fault* (£14.95), John Stonehouse has written the ultimate spy novel of a Russian mole who became British Tory Prime Minister. It gives fascinating insight into lesser-known aspects of recent history. Recent successes: *Fictions* by Jorge Luis Borges (£3.95), the best work of a major writer who has just died; *The Flanders Road (£5.95) and Triptych* (£4.95), major novels by Claude Simon, recent Nobel Prize Winner; and the *Nouveau Roman Reader* (£6.95), which explains and samples the most important post-war school of French fiction.

TODAY'S POLITICAL PLAYWRIGHT

who has emerged as an exciting voice of the left is Howard Barker. *Women Beware Women* (£2.95) sold out the Royal Court, *The Castle* (£4.95), *Downchild* (in one volume with *Passion in Six Days* – the title play) (£4.95) and *Crimes in Hot Countries* (£4.95) were the great successes of the RSC last season. Barker's plays are poetic and fascinating to read. His poems *Don't Exaggerate* (£3.95) are accessible, potent, thought-provoking. Georg Kaiser, most imortant of the German expressionists, is back in print with *Volume 1* (five plays including *Gas*) (£5.50) and *Volume 2* (£4.95), another five plays. Recent reprints: *Green Henry* (£9.95), Gottfried Keller's masterpiece and a major 19th century novel of an artist's life; *Mozart's Journey to Prague* (£2.95), Moerike's famous account of the premiere of Don Giovanni; and *Three German Classics* (£3.95) by Storm (Immensee), Büchner (Lenz) and Keller (Village Romeo and Juliet).

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disposable characters are disposed of by sex-and-food crazed creepy-crawlies. Indeed, they raise the possibility that horror fiction is the most apt form for dealing with the subject of life in the late 20th century.

FICTION

Troubled water

Justin Wintle

The Bridge
IAIN BANKS *Macmillan* £9.95

MANY NOVELISTS would have given up trying to write *The Bridge* before they set pen to paper. The idea behind it is exceedingly simple, but also alarmingly fraught with possibilities for authorial indulgence. A man lies in a coma, hospitalised after a bad motor accident. His brain, though, is not asleep. It takes him into the bizarre, imagined world of the 'Bridge', where he continues to experience a life of sorts. As the novel unfolds the reader is fed with details about the man's actual biography. These in part explain the dreams he is having. Finally the two parallel lines allegedly meet. The man wakes up and his first thought is the wish that he hadn't.

The Bridge itself is a magic-realist artefact. It stretches, vastly and endlessly, between the 'Kingdom' and the 'City'. On its many levels is housed the whole of civilisation. Through its centre runs the railway — apart from rickshaws and sedan chairs the only means of transport. The privileged and their amenities are located above the tracks, the oppressed below. For all but the most senior bureaucrats and engineers travel is restricted to that section of the Bridge in which you live and work. Nobody the narrator speaks to has ever been either to the Kingdom or the City, and a library that promises to divulge their identity has mysteriously disappeared.

This is appropriate. The narrator, carrying with him some luggage from reality, is suffering from amnesia. He has had an accident. At first he finds his new habitat congenial. He is the star patient of Dr Joyce (oh dear) and enjoys a generous allowance from the hospital. At night he has, or fabricates, dreams to relate to his supervisor. But soon enough the fantasy is poisoned. Planes and barrage balloons appear over the waters. When he declines Dr Joyce's offer of hypnosis he is abruptly relegated below tracks. Here the true colours of Banks's Kafka-Orwellian polity are brought home to him.

There are only two routes of possible escape. One is the unpredictable Aberlaine, the other to stow himself away on a through train. He tries both and eventually reaches neither the Kingdom nor the City, but the Republic, where war rages and beyond which lies an even more ghastly region of primaeval geological activity. The neatly controlled modernist phantasmagoria of the Bridge now disintegrates into an imagistic free-for-all — possibly offered as compensation for the disappointingly banal outline of the narrator's pre-crash experiences.

Nothing we are told about the central figure leads one to think he remotely deserves the rich and varied fantasy life Banks [illegible]s him. But that is the curious thing about *The Bridge*. It very nearly succeeds. As you'd expect of the author of *The Wasp Factory* and *Walking on Glass* there are passages of great artistry, great virtuosity, even great exuberance. But such triumphs are all *en passant*. No doubt this suits Banks's artistic intentions (he over-strives to make a point of pointlessness) but still I'm not convinced that *The Bridge* isn't just a clothesline on which too many pegs of different strengths crowd and jostle each other out. □

Poets at large

Miron Grindea

Jorge Luis Borges; men as muses; Ferlinghetti as feminist: these were some of the subjects debated by this year's World Congress of Poetry

LAST YEAR IT WAS Athens. This year it was the turn of Dante's and Petrarca's City of Flowers officially to be proclaimed Europe's capital of culture.

With characteristic panache, the event was launched in the history-laden, mediaeval Palazzo della Signoria, with fanfares sounding surprisingly in tune and the standards waving their splendid colours. The Mayor of Florence, Massimo Bogianchino (until recently director of the Paris Opera) greeted President Mitterand, seated next to Premier Craxi, then the culture ministers of Britain, Denmark, Greece, Germany, Holland, Ireland, Portugal and Spain. If one wasn't sure whether the Elgin Marbles were the main topic of Melina Mercouri's exuberant conversation with her British homologue, Richard Luce's proud announcement that, as Head of Europe's ministers of culture for the next six months, he will preside over the boldest initiatives yet taken towards salvaging the values of the European heritage, was received with more than official applause.

It found particular resonance among the poet guests of honour: Léopold Sedar Senghor, former President of Senegal and the first African to have been elected at the French Academy; Czeslaw Milosz, the Nobel Prize Laureate; Rafael Alberti of Spain; Yves Bonnefoy and Edmond Jabès of France and David Gascoyne representing Britain. In a week which included a stunning performance of Schönberg's *Gurrelieder* under Zubin Mehta, a Manzù retrospective and a vast exhibition at Palazzo Pitti of the 'Madonna from Giotto to de Chirico', the Forty-Ninth Maggio Fiorentino ministrated also the Ninth World Congress of Poetry.

Nearly 200 poets from 30 countries, as far away from Florence as Korea, Chile, Nicaragua, India and Iceland, defied the unrelenting heatwave and, for seven solid days, conducted an intensive and fascinating debate: an analysis of the creative process that tried to resolve the complex relationship between the poet's vision and the emotional content of the post-war, technological environment.

One of the luminaries at this marathon of imagistic wrestling was to have been the 87-year-old Jorge Luis Borges, but his death in Switzerland put paid to that. The Congress rose to mourn his passing away; then Senghor, who presided over the inaugural session, called upon the Israeli poet André Chouraqui (whose new French translation of the bible, a life-long labour, was recently hailed as a major literary event) to evoke the stature of this influential man of letters. Chouraqui recalled that, because of his liberal views, Borges was removed by Peron from his beloved National Library in Buenos Aires and, mockingly, appointed to be inspector of poultry in a suburb, one of the most sinister insults ever inflicted on an artist. 'By describing himself as *personne*, Borges represented in reality the whole spiritual world. He had an unique power to capture the ineffable and to convey, in both poetry and prose, the most fleeting essences in modern literature.'

Later, women became the subject of two of the male poets present: the ebullient John Montague of County Cork and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the unforgettable *enfant terrible* of the San Francisco beatnik Fifties. Montague's argument could be summed up thus: the Bomb, product of the male (perhaps Protestant? he sneered) imagination, threatens us all; but women are marching valiantly against the male world. For much too long men have rejected the whole courtly tradition by tastelessly ignoring Beatrice, 'that most exalted lady ever loved by man'. Providence, though, is now seeing to it that poetic creation undergoes a paramount transformation: women's relationship with the Muse is being resolved in a society of equality in which *man*, in turn, becomes woman's muse.

Appearing before the commission dealing with the theme 'Woman and the poetic creation', Ferlinghetti, rather coquettishly, said in almost immaculate French: 'I am a feminist; by which I mean that I am for woman's total liberation and, as a consequence, the liberation of man.' The women poets present were less than impressed by this declaration.

Contesting the idea that poetry is the opposite of prose, Edmond Jabès upheld the view that, unknown to him or her, every person of action is a poet. 'Poetry, the over-extension of everything human, a perennial beginning, gives meaning to all our actions; in other words it engenders creativity in all of us.'

More than half of the participants were septuagenarains, but perhaps the young voices will make themselves heard at the next international gathering: in Lisbon, in 1988.

A new edition of Adam, *the Anglo-French literary magazine edited by Miron Grindea since 1941, is being published this week. Enquiries to 28 Emperor's Gate, London SW7.*

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Disneyland

Luca Fontana

I WAS BORN at the end of World War II, amid the rubble of my own country. Deep under it lay the corpse of the Italian monarchy: it's precisely 40 years now since a referendum decreed that having endorsed the Fascist dictatorship was too heavy a responsibility for the Savoy dynasty to bear in its recently acquired home, and sent it into exile.

I would say that my fellow Italians adapted well and quickly to the newly born republic — we have a long, long line of toppled rulers at our back, hence a peculiar kind of easy-going cynicism towards supreme institutions that may appear morally reprehensible to nations that found their mythology on centuries-old continuities.

Well into the Fifties, from broken walls, faded graffiti proclaimed: '*Viva il Re*!' or '*Avanti Savoia*!', but, by then, they had already acquired an operatic tone of unreality. (To those who are today in their twenties, I assume, the King of Italy may appear as remote and fanciful as the Duke of Mantua or the Doge of Venice.) Nor could we then have any regret for the loss of royal pomp and pageantry. The monarchy offered a tacky show compared with the last glow of late Baroque, Counter-reformation splendour that the Catholic Church still managed in the Fifties. (In these last years, with the Polish Pope, there has been a shift in style towards a sort of Steven Spielberg grandeur, with the introduction of technological props like the helicopter and the 'Popemobile', and special effects, laser beam included.)

In catering for the frustrated royalism of a fringe of the conservative lower-middle-classes and for the large working-class demand for romance and daydream, the British Royal Family has carried out a very important social function even in my country (and, I suspect, in many more — the 'Royal image' being the main British export, the Government should devise some form of copyright on Royal stories and pictures). Since the end of the war, what we call '*Stampa Rosa*' (literally, pink press: a vast range of weekly magazines, mainly visual, because they have to respect the moderate literacy of their readership) has kept us informed with the minutest trifles of the British Royal Saga. The stories are mainly concocted from some hurried browsing through the British gutter-press; the tone, I can assure you, is duly respectful, even more than here.

But the shift in cultural perspective introduces a new element: a tone of sarcastic sneer whenever the peculiarly quaint sense of fashion of the British Queen is dealt with. Two women under the hairdryer, a magazine appropriately called *Sogno* (dream) open on their lap, may seize the chance of such an opening for a chat: 'God! what is she wearing? Dots all over?!' 'What is that flower-bed she's got on her head? And that eternal handbag — always with shoes to match — I suspect she goes to the loo with it.' They may be the stuff of dreams, the British Royals, but they also offer the continental consumer of royal fantasy the easy compensation of feeling superior: 'With a little money and a bit of taste I could appear more glamorous than they.'

After many years in Britain, I have learnt that what, to an alien and unloving gaze, may appear as a sort of non-style, an ostentatious display of uncharm, unwit, unglamour and inelegance, accompanied by a vagueness of words in public pronouncements bordering on vacuity, can be a coherent set of signs that, to a large bulk of the British public, spells Royalty. It is a complex and composite system, the visual pageantry that the British state shows in public. The judiciary, for instance, with its eternal wigs, is frozen in an ideal Whiggish 18th century, age of gradual reform *par excellence*. The Monarchy, on the other hand, invented its own public ritual at the turn of the 19th century, largely under the impulse to compete in pomp with the *parvenu* cousin, Kaiser William II of Germany. Its style is unmistakably late Germanic kitsch: military uniforms for the men, because the throne and the military identified totally (Andy, glittering and clanking like Prince Danilo from the *Merry Widow*, leaning out of Cinderella's pumpkin-into-coach, will wave at the adoring crowds), haut-bourgeois evening dress with Christmas tree decorations and topping for the ladies.

To this, the present Elizabeth has added a genial touch of her own, but perfectly in line with Prince Albert's vision of a monarchy that acquires charisma from embodying to perfection the living totem of the middling middle-classes. She has understood, I surmise, that the third great age of nostalgia for Her subjects is the years of post-war reconstruction. She has accordingly frozen herself at an ideal year, 1955-56, when real ladies still used to go out with hat, handbag, shoes and gloves to match and, in spring, dots all over.

All this, we all know, speaks tradition, a thousand years of it (or its abridged fake), and makes palpable the easy allegory of the organic community as a buzzing beehive, with the Queen Bee at its centre in her sweet, fat splendour. But, to the alien, unloving gaze, it may instead appear as visual symptoms of the senility of a culture, as a pig-headed refusal to subject one's institutions to critical scrutiny and historical analysis, even in profoundly changed social circumstances.

Foreigners, I know, can merely grasp the surface of things British, and, as a guest, I must refrain from meddling in other people's affairs. But allow me simply to put forward a modest proposal of mine, perfectly in line with the present Government's policies. Even before considering institutional change, why not sell the Monarchy off to the Walt Disney Corporation? It would relieve the taxpayer from the burden of the Civil List, it would provide good value for money and, with the help of the latest technology, would perhaps treat us all to a better show.

Weekend competition

No 2933 **Set by A. Boteman**

Yes, it's nostalgia time again. Could we have more of those meaningless proverbs (i.e: 'Tall trees grow nearer to the sky') with which you've so regaled us in the past? But NEW ones, all right? We'll be checking. Max. six per entrant by 31 July.

No 2930 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Start-the-day songs for employees.

Report **By Ms de Meaner**

A word with you, my little chickens: it is not *sufficent* to mention the *New Statesman*, its staff, its regular contributors (in this or in any other competition) for your entry to gallop in to print. Fond of flattery we may be, corruptible, openly bribable, but we do prefer our veniality stylish. The boy Basil's song for *NS* employees scrapes in on its whole-hearted rudeness; a dozen more mealy-mouthed, uninspired rivals are currently lining the cat tray. Ten pounds a head for all the authors of company songs below (among whom, Noel, you too should have been, but the laws of libel intervened).

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
Where the 'copter spare parts in the sunlight are gleaming
As we take up the tools we set down overnight,
To keep Westland machines from th'assembly line streaming!
Align, then, the rotors
And tune up the motors,
Now we've got the OK from the shareholding voters;
O! long may the baldheaded eagle still shit,
As he wings through the skies, on the home of the Brit.

GERARD BENSON

We are the *Statesman* workforce,
The ragtime NUJ.
We cannot write, we cannot think,
We work for piss-poor pay.

Our lungs are thick with carbon.
Our circulation's low.
Our livers are all shot to hell,
But we are proud, you know.

For when the election's over
The leader he will say,
Isn't it, look you, what a jolly fine crew
Are the ragtime NUJ.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Praise our glorious Comprehensive,
Praise the writing on the wall!
(Paper's getting too expensive
To supply a sheet for all).

Educate our lads and lasses,
Making sure they will not think;
Madam wants compliant masses —
And, besides, it saves on ink.

In our hall, no gilded letters
Celebrate the glorious dead.
Lucky kids — they, with their betters,
Get leukaemia instead.

ALISON PRINCE

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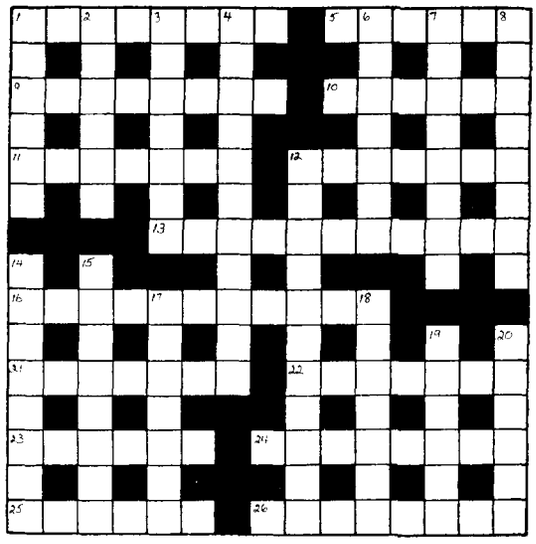
Weekend Crossword 1525

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1525, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 5 August.



Name

Address

ACROSS

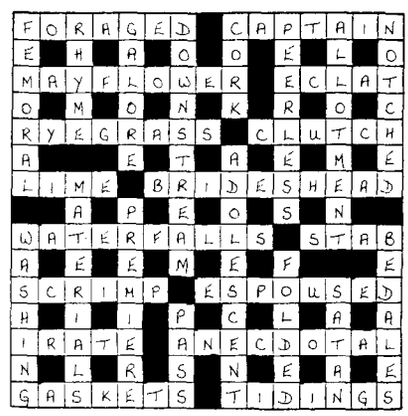
1. He provides water for soldier in broken down truck (8)
5. If one of us lost it she would become an actress (6)
9. Deputy sergeant-major holds one to be fit (8)
10. In a skilful adult there is an opportunity for conferring (6)
11. There is frankness together with love in an animal (7)
12. People are about to help one of these women (7)
13. Reform the world beside being subjected to censorship (11)
16. They are against togetherness as street parties break up (11)
21. Dislike returning after having caught male animal (7)
22. Pacify an animal putting food inside him (7)
23. Towards the front in Foreign Legion war diaries (6)
24. Means of saving the cat after another is half lost (8)
25. Wands which change history although removing nothing (6)
26. Inter alia an international organisation will serve for this part of the world (8)

DOWN

1. Northerner turns up without front page subjects (6)
2. Replays concerned with cricket? (6)
3. Fool makes hatter tidy hair (7)
4. Race or races mixed up by oriental sorceress (11)
6. He does not need to earn a living, getting payment that is right (7)
7. Cross when the rest collapse and are about to declare (8)
8. See drain is in need of repair where the kerb is (8)
12. Interference in an underground stop? (11)
14. A little farm under a tree would do for Peggy (8)
15. Kind of race to get rising sea into control (8)
17. Replies for vessels (7)
18. Getting one's panties in a twist, although wise (7)
19. A note on a popular rising for the front (6)
20. Where to get the low-down on a girl (6)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1523



Prizewinner to 1523

Mrs M. Bullen (Watford)

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WORKSHOP

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Theatre

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 Now booking 29 July-2 August 8pm **HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS** in an inimitable new-style concert. *'A constant delight'* Morning Star.

THE SHAW SOCIETY'S BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE TO G.B.S THE LONDON THEATRE SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF **"ARMS AND THE MAN"**, Acts II and III. Directed by Charles Duff and Peter Foster with a **PRELUDE** prestented by ELLEN POLLOCK, TONI KANAL & BENNY GREEN. Shaw's Corner, Ayot St Lawrence, Herts. Saturday & Sunday, July 26th & 27th at 6.15pm. Admission £2 (Concessions). Refreshments. For details re. Coach on Sunday, Telephone 690 2325.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL, THE THREEPENNY OPERA.** Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **DALLIANCE, THE PETITION.** Cottesloe (small auditorium) **THE ROAD TO MECCA, NEAPTIDE.** See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 628 2295

BARBICAN THEATRE. THE DANTON AFFAIR by Pam Gems (25-29 July) in repertoire with **MEPHISTO** (18-22 July), **TROILUS & CRESSIDA** (23-24 July) and **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR** (30-31 July)

THE PIT. IL CANDELAIO by Giordano Bruno (18-22 July), in repertoire with **REAL DREAMS** by Trevor Griffiths (23-24 July) and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (25-29 July).

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APPOINTMENTS

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

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MEETINGS

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AFFINITIES. Discerning dating & definitely different events programme, eg Racing Car driving, Falconry weekend, for professional singles like you. Tel: 01-226 3337 for further details. Box (29)3400. N29.9

ANGLO-NIGERIAN University educated, secured management job socialist, interested in books, music, theatre, travel. Seeks tall, educated, attractive, compatible lady, 35+, view meaningful, lasting relationship. Box (28)3368. N28.9

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-586 2274. N49.19

ARE YOU over 35, father of a young family with a friendly nature, sense of humour and lively interests. Box (29)3385. N29.10

ATTRACTIVE, SLIM, professional woman, divorcee, young-looking 53, sense of fun, seeks lively-minded, caring, Jewish n-o male for friendship/marriage. Interests: literature, theatre, music, travel. Box (29)3397. N29.11

BRISTOL BASED independent, caring woman, early 30s, seeks wildly attractive, interesting, tallish, lively, professional man with sense of humour for lasting relationship. Box (29)3393. N29.12

BRISTOL. Do you feel you are over the hill? Tall (not unattractive) professional male, 50, seeks female kindred spirit. Available weekdays. Photo helpful. Box (29)3423. N29.13

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

DIVORCED WOMAN, young 50s, with sense of humour, arts orientated, seeks friends in S. West. M and F. Box (29)3394. N29.14

DO YOU like furry dice and flock wallpaper? Prefer computers to humans? No? Sure? Write now! I'm 32, female and enjoy emulsioned surroundings in Cardiff. Box (29)3392. N29.15

EMOTIONALLY MATURE man (31), tall and sweet wishes to date interesting, attractive woman. Interests: music, cinema etc and fun. W. Midlands. References available. Box (29)3382. N29.16

FEMALE 29. Graduate. Plenty of interests, energy — and time for similar male. Main interests: music of all sorts, tennis, travel, life. London. Photo please. Box (29)3401. N29.17

FEMALE LECTURER, single (34), slim, very attractive, R.C. background but progressive, based North but prefers London, seeks stable, caring relationship with attractive, intellectual, good-humoured bachelor of similar status, tall, 30-40ish, to share passion for current affairs, arts, literature and travel. Please send photo. Box (29)3407. N29.18

FRIENDLY COSMOPOLITAN francophile (f.) seeks intelligent, civilised man (over 55), with joie de vivre and sense of humour. London. Tel. No. please. Box (24)3161. N23.18

GOING TO waste in Leics, good looking post grad female, mid 40's, with diverse interests. Sought: suitable male to remedy the situation. Box (29)3409. N29.19

HAMPSHIRE: ATTRACTIVE, intelligent woman, 34, 5'8", loves classical music, books, countryside, vegetarian cooking, children, seeks kind, educated, non-smoking man for friendship/marriage. Box (29)3405. N29.20

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

'IT TAKES two to be glad'. Cosmopolitan woman, Guardian reader, Radio 3 listener, hopes to meet youthful man (over 55), friendly, thinking and humorous. London. Box (28)3344. N28.15

LECTURER/WRITER, divorced, humourous 44, very attractive seeks music/theatre loving woman. Object — passion/love/even a family. Photo exchange perhaps. Box (29)3384. N29.21

LIGHT HEARTED relationship sought with a man who isn't threatened by the idea of a tall strong-minded woman aged 51½. No one with serious intentions need apply. London. Box (29)3386. N29.22

LIVERPOOL/MANCHESTER areas. Are you an unattached, intelligent, non-sexist male who would appreciate a lively, humourous, attractive, independent woman with leftish views? Then please write immediately to Box (29)3404. N29.23

MAN, MARRIED, 52. Tall and presentable. Works Central London, lives South London. Seeks woman to share conversation over food/drink with view developing friendship. Box (29)3389. N29.24

MARRIED MAN seeks married woman for happy interludes. Successful professional, 36, he enjoys theatre, dining out and romance. Modest Porsche driver. Box (29)3416. N29.25

NON-BORING, TALLISH, lively man, 46-56, wanted to share interest in travel, walking, motorcaravanning, hills, books, history, theatre, music, politics, with divorced, socialist, woman teacher. (London). Box (29)3387. N29.26

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. N15.31

ONGAR, ESSEX: Phil., 30, Amnesty International, craftsman, anti-sexist, rifleman, cat lover, Guardian reader, folky, tall-clean-scruff seeks female, any race. Photo please. Thanks for your time. Box (28)3357. N28.22

ORIENTAL OXFORD undergraduate, tall, sporty and vice-ridden after spending too long in the West, needs older woman to calm him down or show him what he's missing. Box (29)3395. N29.27

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PARTLY JEWISH, attractive, continental, lively, intelligent, caring, non-smoker, London lady, youthful 60, unattached, seeks successful, easy-going, unattached, preferably retired gentleman for lasting relationship. Box (29)3402. N29.28

PROFESSIONAL MALE, middle-aged, middle everything Midlander, active, presentable, many interests but with wholly uninterested partner, slightly sardonic perhaps, seeks a female kindred spirit who would welcome a mutually supportive relationship. Box (29)3411. N29.29

PROFESSIONAL PhD, 29, attractive, interested in theatre, literature, countryside, seeks socialist female for lasting relationship. London based. Box (29)3410. N29.30

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, sweet man, 27, seeks unpossesive woman, 20's or 30's, for friendship and possibly more. I'm into cinema, left politics and travel. Vegetarian, non-smoker preferred. Box (29)3388. N29.31

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE woman, lively and *intelligent with wide interests*, seeks intelligent, affectionate man with social conscience and ability to laugh at life's absurdities. 45-55ish. London. Box (29)3403. N29.32

SMALL ACTRESS, recent widow, enjoys life enormously, seeks man, 50-65, for non-marital relationship. Interests, almost everything. Literature, music, travel, *countryside rate high*. London/Surrey/W. Yorkshire. Box (29)3418. N29.33

SOCIALIST SUPERWIMP seeks PLAIN JANE. Quiet, uneducated, highly intelligent working-class graduate. Principled writer/journalist. Afro, Asian, Caribbean interests. Seeks permanent, mutually-dependent relationship. Posesses typewriter, CND badge, bicycle, passport. Loves honesty, integrity, compassion, humour. Hates 'feminists', 'masculinists', smart trendy poseurs. London NE, Essex. Box (29)3391. N29.34

WANTED: EASY-GOING, lively, affectionate, non-smoking, vegetarian male for young 46 divorced woman, socialist, interests: gentle cycling/walking, gardening, arts, yoga. Herts. Box (29)3383. N29.35

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, graduate woman, forties, divorced, home-loving, seeks unattached, professional man for close relationship, which could develop further. Interests: family life, walking, music, travel. London. Box (29)3406. N29.36

WARM, SENSUOUS, attractive, lively, divorced woman, 49, needs loving close relationship with man, late forties to mid fifties, socialist professional interested arts, countryside etc. Yorkshire. Box (29)3390. N29.37

WOMAN, 33, seeks friendly male(s) for company, diversion or rash rebound romance, to help drown sorrows of recent desertion by rat. Fellow sufferers welcome. Yorkshire. Box (29)3408. N29.38

7/DAY/24HR licensed registered acm-address, established 1968. Unlimited mail £30 yr, 2 yrs £55 (£5 disct.) 3yrs £75 (£15 disct.). *M. Abrahams, 15 Clifton Gardens*, London N15. 01-8000373. N29.8

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***NORWEGIAN FJORDS* 13-21 Sept. £175.**

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AGENDA

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MON 21 JULY

MIXED FEELINGS, NAC Meeting with Angela Neustatter at 7.30pm, Wesley House, 70 Great Queen Street, WC2. Showing of Mixed Feelings video at 6.45pm. Women only.

ST JAMES'S CHURCH, 197 Piccadilly, DO ANIMALS HAVE RIGHTS? *A major lecture* series, Mondays at 1.05 p.m. This week: The Rt Hon LORD HOUGHTON OF SOWERBY, FRS, "The Dilemmas of Definition and Enforcement". Donations of £1.50 welcomed.

TUES 22 JULY

PUBLIC MEETING: 'Which Way Forward For the Left?', organised by the Campaign Group of Labour MPs. Speakers: Tony Benn MP, Dennis Skinner MP, Margaret Beckett MP, Eric Heffer MP, Mandy Moore (Labour Women's Action Committee), Campaign for Labour Party Democracy Speaker, Phil Turner, Hampstead and Highgate, Labour Party Black Section Speaker. 8pm Hampstead Town Hall, *Haverstock Hill (Belsize Tube)*.

SAT 26 JULY

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION against male violence. Women only. Meet 12 noon, Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park. Bring banners. Contact 01-843 0578. Org. by Network of Women.

EXHIBITION

ARTS THEATRE — Unicorn Theatre for Children, Great Newport Street, WC2. (Leicester Sq. tube). Selection of pictures from Childrens United Effort for Famine Relief International Art Exhibition for Save the Children Fund until end of July (and possibly August). Brochures available. Over 50 nationalities represented. *If anyone has space available for the entire collection to be viewed in Central London please contact Maureeen Robinson, 86 Brindwood Road, Chingford, E4 8BA.*

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10.30 am to 6 pm £2.50 waged, £1.50 unwaged

New Films & Videos 6pm to 9 pm £1.00 free to dayschool delegates

Disco 7.30 pm till late £2.50/£1.50 for dayschool delegates

Saturday 19 July

Nelson Mandela Hall, Macadam Building, King's College Surrey Street, London WC2
⊖ Nr Temple & Holborn Tube Stations ⊖

Nicaragua must survive!!

Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign 20-21 Compton Terrace London N1 2UN

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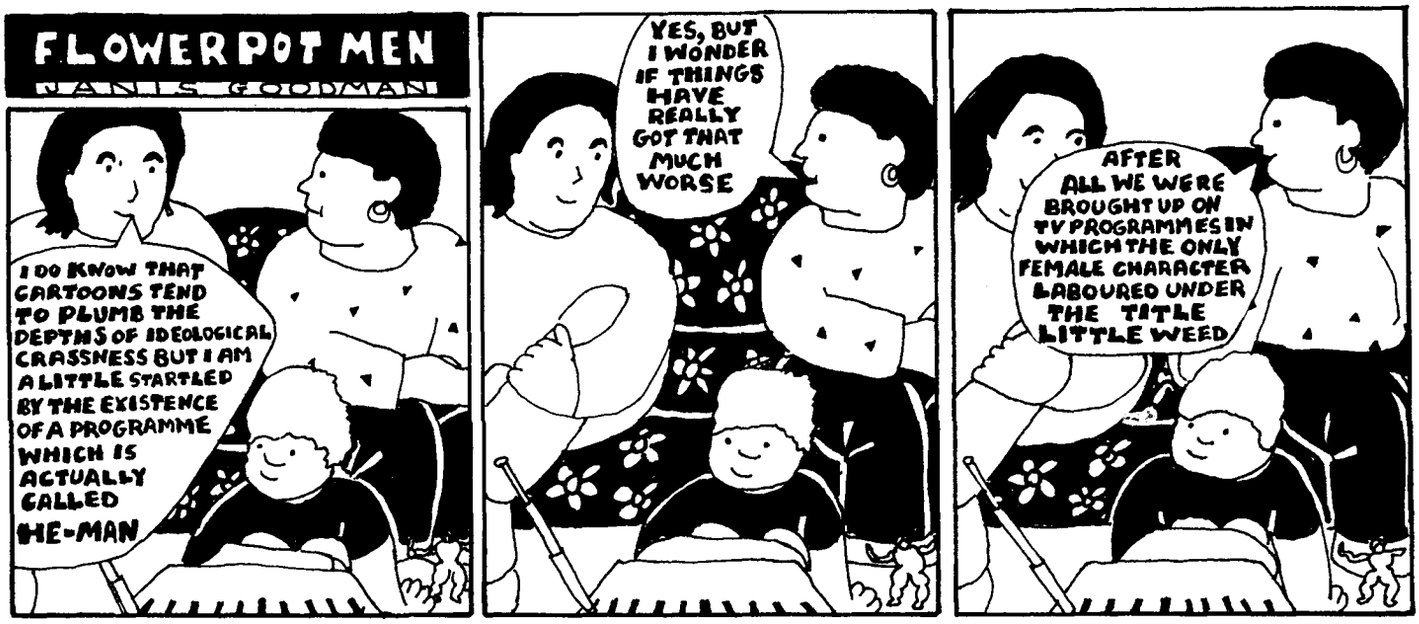
FLOWERPOT MEN
NANCY GOODMAN
I DO KNOW THAT CARTOONS TEND TO PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF IDEOLOGICAL CRASSNESS BUT I AM A LITTLE STARTLED BY THE EXISTENCE OF A PROGRAMME WHICH IS ACTUALLY CALLED HE-MAN
YES, BUT I WONDER IF THINGS HAVE REALLY GOT THAT MUCH WORSE
AFTER ALL WE WERE BROUGHT UP ON TV PROGRAMMES IN WHICH THE ONLY FEMALE CHARACTER LABOURED UNDER THE TITLE LITTLE WEED

CHESS

FOR THE MONTH of August London will become the capital of world chess. While the Kasparov-Karpov match is in progress, two major events will be held at the Great Eastern Hotel with scarcely a pause between them to set up the pieces — first the Commonwealth Open Championship (11-19 August), and then the Lloyds Bank Masters (20-28 August).

It was a London tournament, the great double-rounder of 1883, that got the whole world championship process under way by establishing Zukertort as a worthy rival for Steinitz. Zukertort won the tournament with 22 out of 26, three points ahead of Steinitz. Their individual clashes resulted in a win apiece, though Zukertort should really have won both games, as you will realize from playing through their encounter in the first round:

Zukertort-Steinitz, London 1883. Three Knights Game.
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Nc3 g6 4. d4 exd4 5. Nxd4 Bg7 6. Be3 Nf6 7. Be2 0-0 8. 0-0 Re8 9. Qd3 Qe7 10. Ndb5 d6 11. Bg5 Ne5 12. Qd2 Be6 13. Qf4 Rec8 14. Qh4 c6 Black is clearly in difficulties and Zukertort could now have contented himself with the win of a pawn by 15. Nxd6 Qxd6 16. Bxf6. **15. f4 Ned7 16. Nd4 h6!?** With the clever point 17. Bxh6 Nd5!. However, Steinitz suffers in the ensuing complications from his weakened K-side. **17. Nxe6 Qxe6 18. Bxh6 Bxh6 19. Qxh6 Nxe4 20. Bg4 Qxg4 21. Nxe4 Qf5 22. Rae1 Re8 23. Re3!** Winning the exchange since 23. . . Qh5 24. Qxh5 gxh5 25. Rg3+ and 26. Nxd6 would be hopeless for Black. **Rxe4 24. Rh3 Qf6 25. Qh7 + Kf8 26. Qh8 + Ke7 27. Qxa8 Qd4 + 28. Kh1 Rxf4** Here, or on the next move, Zukertort should have defended with Rg1, when the advantage of the exchange should tell in the end. **29. Re1 + Re4 30. Rxe4 + ?? Qxe4 31. Qxa7 b6! 0-1** There is no route back to the defence of the first rank.

The 1886 Steinitz-Zukertort world championship match was a peripatetic affair, played in New York, St Louis and New Orleans, with the title going to the first player to notch up 10 wins. The objections to this procedure were not so obvious in those days when the nightmare of 'the draw-death' had not even been dreamed! All the 5 New York games were decisive with Zukertort threatening to make short work of his adversary by scoring 4 of them. But Steinitz fought back in St Louis to level the scores at 4 wins each, and by the time they got to New Orleans Zukertort was in a bad way, his confidence gone and his physical condition visibly deteriorating. The final blow to his morale came in the 17th game in which he totally outplayed Steinitz and then, in a curious echo of the 1883 game given above, was unable to cash in the advantage of Rook against Knight. Steinitz finished the match by crushing him mercilessly in the next 3 games.

The games of the 1886 match reveal one thing very clearly—that the infrequency of draws was a consequence of the frequency of errors. I would assign an impressionistic Elo rating of about 2200 to Steinitz and Zukertort. Modern IMs are 2400-2500 and Kasparov and Karpov perform at the 2700 level. Zukertort's win in the 2nd game is perhaps the least flawed effort of the first world championship match:

Steinitz-Zukertort, New York 1886. Scotch Game.
1. e4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. d4 exd4 4. Nxd4 Nf6 5. Nc3 Bb4 6. Nxc6 bxc6 7. Bd3 d5 8. exd5 cxd5 9. 0-0 0-0 10. Bg5 c6 11. Ne2 Bd6 12. Ng3 h6 13. Bd2 Ng4 Steinitz's passive opening play has surrendered the initiative. **14. Be2 Qh4 15. Bxg4 Bxg4 16. Qc1 Be2 17. Re1 Ba6 18. Bc3 f5 19. Re6 Rad8 20. Qd2 d4! 21. Ba5 Rd7 22. Rxd6 Rxd6 23. Bb4 Qf6 24. Rd1** 24. Nxf5!? Re6 25. Bxf8 Qxf5 26. Ba3 looks playable. **Rd5 25. Bxf8 Qxf8 26. Nh5 Qe8 27. Nf4 Re5 28. h4 c5 29. h5** 29. b4! would have been a better idea. **Re4 30. c3 Qb8 31. g3 Qe5 32. Ng6 Qd6 33. Nf4 d3!** With the point 34. Nxd3? Bxd3 35. Qxd3 Re1 + **34. b3 c4 35. Rb1 Kh7 36. Kh2 Qb6** Threatening 37 . . . Re2. **37. Kg1 Bb7 38. Rb2 Qc6 39. f3 Qc5 + 40. Qf2 Re1 + 41. Kh2?** 41. Kg2 Re3 42. Ne6 Qe5 43. Nd4 was more stubborn. **Qxf2 + 42. Rxf2 Bxf3!** So that if 43. Rxf3 d2 promotes. **43. g4 Be2 44. Ng2 d2 45. Ne3 cxb3 46. axb3 Bxg4 0-1.**

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☐ An acquaintance was busy trying to fix his car radio outside his home when he felt the vehicle move. He looked out and saw two youths had jacked up the car and were in the process of removing the rear wheels. When he remonstrated one of them replied mildly: 'It's all right mate, we only want the tyres. You have the radio.' — *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

☐ A butcher is checking out his deliveries of Welsh lamb with a geiger counter following concern over radiation levels in the wake of the Chernobyl disaster. Mr Howard Hancocks of Monmouth said yesterday: 'It gives my customers added confidence.' — *Daily Telegraph* (John Forster)

☐ The government is considering allowing motorists to buy 'attractive' car registration marks at a premium, Mr Michael Spicer, Transport Under-Secretary, said yesterday. About 50,000 combinations of letters and numbers are not issued each year because of disputes over who should have them. — *Daily Telegraph* (G M Moger)

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